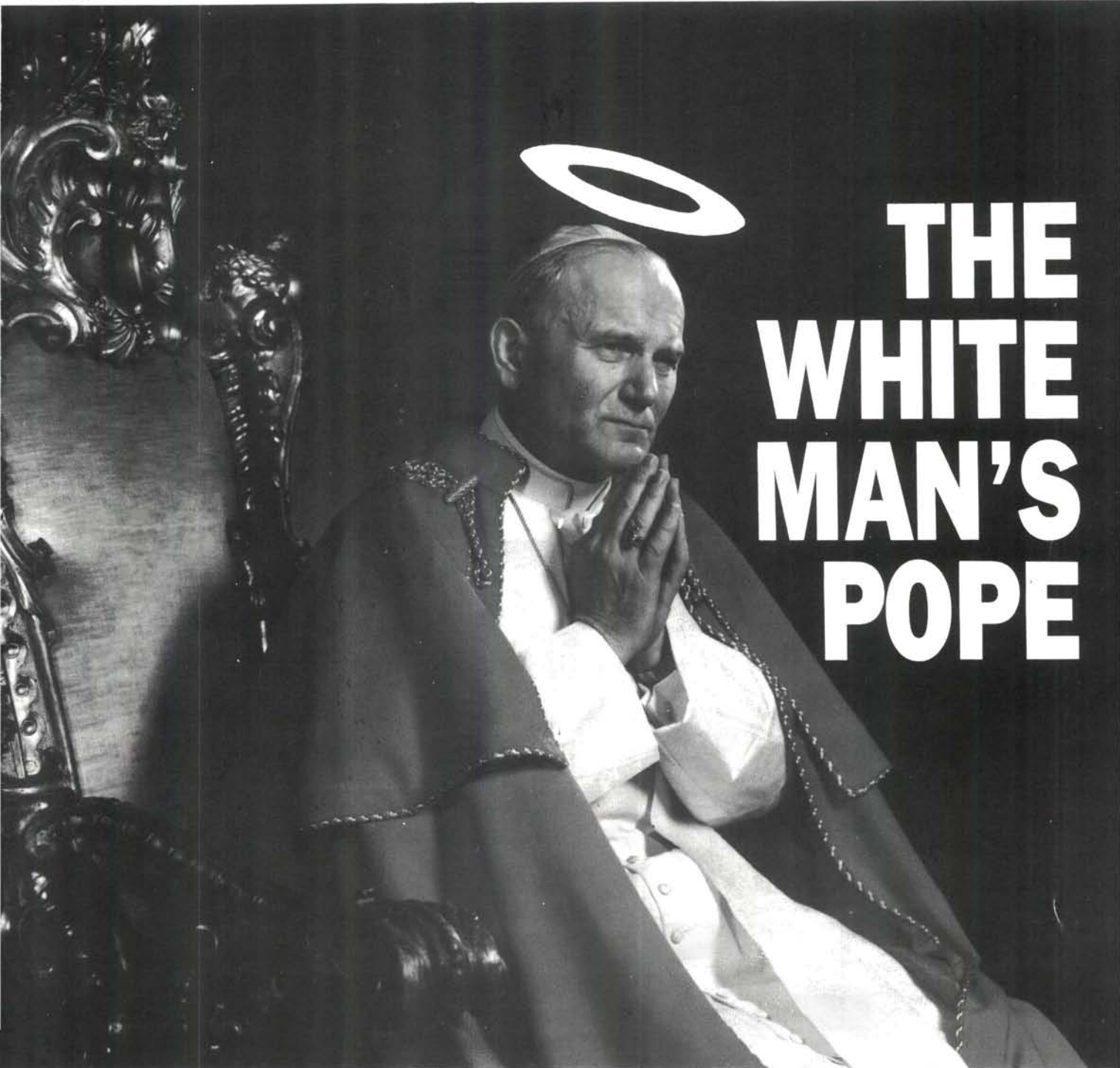


JAN 17 1986

New Statesman

3 January 1986 80p IR£1.28 US\$1.50 By Air



THE WHITE MAN'S POPE

TONY GIFFORD QC: Supergrassing in Ulster
ADEWALE MAJA-PEARCE: Roots of Afro-literature
STEPHEN ROSE: Freeing science from the military

JOBS AND INDUSTRY

WHY AREN'T WE WORKING?



Everyone can see that Tory policies are not working.

- **record unemployment** — in April 1983, 3,320,000 were 'officially' unemployed. And the real figure for those without work, including those who are not registered as unemployed, is over 4 million.
- **record business failures** — there were over 13,600 company liquidations in England and Wales in 1984, the highest number ever recorded.
- **record imports** — for the first time ever, Britain now buys more manufactured goods from abroad than it sells overseas.

The truth is that the government has no strategy to tackle our industrial problems. Selling off national assets like the Gas Board will not help pay our way when North Sea oil runs out.



There is no shortage of new ideas in Britain. Fifty-five per cent of the world's significant inventions since 1945 have come from Britain. But we have no mechanism for exploiting them.

- **Investment is the key.** We should invest in new equipment. Invest in people. And change the way decisions are made in industry, so that a new partnership of government, unions and management can work together to build an economy for the future.
- **Training is essential.** The amount each person can produce is held back because our workforce is inadequately trained.

Britain has all the ingredients for success: people who want to work; jobs that need to be done; and the money to invest in productive projects. The challenge facing Britain is to build an economy that works. Public investment is not a luxury, but a necessity — it is how we begin building for the future.

- You can post your own protest against unemployment by filling in one of Labour's 'Gizza Job' postcards, and sending it to Neil Kinnock at the House of Commons.

LABOUR: WORKING TOGETHER FOR BRITAIN

I would like to know more about the Jobs and Industry Campaign

Name
 Address
 Postcode
 Return this form to Jobs and Industry
 Campaign Team, The Labour Party
 Room 106,
 150 Walworth Road,
 London SE17
 1JT

Tel. No.



Cover photo: Camera Press

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PICKETING IS AS AMERICAN AS APPLE PIE

DAVE PEERS and BERYL RICHARDS report on US unions' use of patriotism and TV commercials



BRINGING UP BABY

Rare is the father whose help with child care approaches 50 per cent. CHRISTOPHER MEADE reports on the pain and pleasure of equal co-parenting

ULSTER '86

As the Loyalists kick off the new year with a march this weekend, FIONNUALA O CONNOR peers into the province's near future

FAILURE & THE LEFT

CHRISTIAN WOLMAR reviews *What a Way to Run a Railroad*, an analysis of radical failures by Charles Landry et al

FINDING OUT

RALPH NADER compares 75 years of the British Official Secrets Act with American Freedom of Information

ALFRESCO ART

Andy Goldsworthy, artist, is currently working on Hampstead Heath. MO DODSON investigates

A general election is casting its shadow

THE LAST general election was still only two and a half years ago. But as 1986 opens the campaign for the next has begun.

It is even possible that it will be called this year, more likely though in 1987. Mrs Thatcher's choice will be dominated by prospects for the economy, though if she chooses to go early she will cobble together some *political* justification.

Northern Ireland might provide the required excuse. Although the province and its troubles have never seriously stirred public opinion in Britain, nor previously registered as an election 'issue', the political situation there is now dangerously unstable — with the mini-general election-cum-referendum on the Protestant side probably leading to a boycott of the political process and the steadily increasing number of hunger strikes on the republican side leading to greatly increased communal tension.

As we said when it was signed, last year's Anglo-Irish Agreement was a brave and praiseworthy step away from 60 years of tragic immobilism in Ulster. The established political leadership in Northern Ireland was never going to accept any move in Dublin's direction. But the secret agreement — secretly arrived at — was sprung on a Protestant community that was unprepared for it. Ostentatious security operations against Sinn Fein over the Christmas holiday and extra battalions of troops sent to the province will do nothing to make up for that failure. The Prime Minister now, though, has no choice but to continue to call the Unionist establishment's bluff and pray that it will prove to be just that. If political events get really out of control, she may choose to go for the mandate of a general election, though her more experienced advisers — if she listens to them — would be telling her that 'single issue' elections are a risky game to play.

Decline as usual

Otherwise, it will be the economy that counts. And the economy is in a morbid state. Chancellor Lawson makes great play of the fact that we have now had five years of steady growth of output, combined with relatively low inflation. It can confidently be predicted that this will be the central strand of self-congratulation when he presents his next budget in the Spring.

But this presentation of the figures for the national economy is a trick with mirrors. Far from reversing, or even halting, the long-run relative decline of the British economy, the policies of Thatcherism have accelerated it. For the Lawson presentation of events since 1981 chooses conveniently to ignore the devastation wreaked on the economy by half-baked monetarism in the two previous years.

From 1979 to 1981, the annual rate of inflation doubled to over 21 per cent and interest rates went with it to levels never seen in this country in modern times. Over those same two years manufacturing industry's output *fell* by over 17 per cent, an experience unprecedented even during the 1930s or any previously recorded depression. That huge hole was deliberately blown in the national income and the average standard of living of the British people at a time when industrial production in most other industrialised countries was holding steady or rising gradually.

It was a massive act of self-inflicted damage from which we still suffer — and will continue to do for decades. The Lawson five years of steady growth has *still* not been enough to get us back to the 1979 Thatcher starting point. As we start 1986, industrial output is something like 5 per cent *below* the level it was at in the first half of 1979.

In this state of economic debilitation, even the most cynical and cunning Chancellor has limited options. Any major consumer boom, engineered for electoral purposes by the cuts in income tax that the Chancellor has long been dangling before the Tory party, would now lead to an overheating of the economy and a sucking in of imports on a scale far greater than we experienced in the 1960s and 1970s. If, therefore, the budget this Spring brings with it the equivalent of as much as 2p or 3p off the standard rate of income tax, mark down Autumn 1986 — or at the latest the Spring of 1987 — as the Thatcher-Lawson target for the next election. For the desired pre-election consumer boom would be followed later in 1987 by the kind of economic and sterling crisis with which we have been wearisomely familiar since 1945.

Labour's mid-term prospects

These same political and economic facts face Labour as we start the New Year. Among the 'chattering classes' it became fashionable in the closing stages of 1985 to say that the Labour Party had once again lost its way; was once again riven with factionalism; and to be highly critical of Neil Kinnock and his performance as leader.

Consider, however, the objective facts. In a little over two years under his leadership — a period much of which was politically dominated by the miners' strike — the Labour Party has recovered from being the shambles that Michael Foot fronted in the 1983 general election. Things could have been done quicker; some things

should with hindsight have been done differently. But Labour, with its new general secretary, is better *organised* than it has been for many a year; the leader and the majority of the national executive are roughly speaking as one; and in the opinion polls the party is firmly back level pegging with the government.

In short there is still everything to play for in whatever time remains before the next election. There are still some — at *all* levels in the Party — who appear to be positively dedicated to election defeat. But the overwhelming conviction is of the political duty to save the British people from a third bout of a Thatcher government.

One bit of unfinished business must be disposed of one way or the other at once. Militant and Liverpool should have been dealt with as an issue last Autumn and not allowed to drag into 1986, taking up scarce political resources and inevitably continuing to divert public and media attention away from the development of policy. It must not be allowed to drag on any longer.

It is too late even to consider mass expulsions from the party. If the NEC's enquiry has demonstrated serious impropriety or abuse of Labour's constitution in Liverpool, then it would be right to make one or two limited examples — as in the case of the editorial board of *Militant* in 1983. (It would, further, certainly be right to expel any prominent member of the Labour Party who was shown to have links with, say, the Workers' Revolutionary Party.) But, apart from that, by the time of the next meeting of the NEC the leadership must be in a position convincingly to say that the Liverpool issue has been disposed of to its satisfaction, and that it is now getting on with the business of readying Labour for the next election.

That process, if it is to succeed in taking Labour decisively out in front of the Tories, must be a positive one. The essentially defensive and reactive phase of rebuilding the party and restoring its credibility is now over. In a political context where for over two decades there has been a consistent increase in disillusionment with *all* political parties — reflected in the steady decline in the number of those eligible who even bother to vote in elections — Labour must reach forward to give British socialism a renewed and positive content, relevant to the needs of the next decade.

Some Labour local authorities — notably the GLC — have already provided an experiment on a small scale in what this new politics of socialism could embrace. It involves being not only ready but eager to leave behind several of the political attitudes that have dominated and constrained past Labour leaderships since the war, particularly when in government.

On ethnic minorities, on civil liberty, on judicial reform, on breaking up the Home Office and the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, on the rights of women, on extending democracy to the workplace, on nuclear power, on the environment, on education, on housing reform, on the future of the welfare state — in all these and other areas of real political importance to people's lives the Party must in the next year declare positive, socialist politics. It must break out from its current preoccupation with reacting defensively to an agenda set by Tories.

This is all the more essential because of the condition in which the Tories will be leaving the economy at the next election. Even if the next Labour government intended to go in for a full-blooded experiment in central economic planning, complete with draconian import controls — which it shows no sign of wanting to do — the scope for reducing unemployment and re-expanding the economy in the short-term is distressingly limited. In the context of our present mixed economy, the promise before an election that the reality is otherwise will not be credible. Nor is the idea that this circle can somehow magically be squared by way of some kind of prices and incomes policy.

Of course, Labour's economic and industrial policies are a great deal more rational and would be more effective than those of the present government. But rebuilding Britain after the damage of Thatcherism is a task for a decade and more. Labour's programme must include a whole range of other positive policy objectives that are not narrowly economic and industrial. ☐

astms

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Turkish peace trial — verdict postponed

A WEEK before Christmas, a military court of appeal in Istanbul provided a further Kafkaesque twist to a trial which is fast approaching Spanish Inquisition proportions. Having considered the 750-page dossier of state evidence against the Turkish Peace Association which resulted in 17 members of its executive being sentenced to periods of prison and internal exile of between 5-10 years in November 1983, the presiding judges determined that the five-year-old case required 'further investigation'.

Twelve distinguished Turkish citizens, including the 50-year old Mrs Reha Isvan and the renowned artist, Orhan Taylan, spent their third Christmas and will probably spend most of 1986 in prison. Another five, among them the TPA's President and short-listed nominee for last year's Nobel Peace Prize, Mahmut Dikerdem, will remain on conditional bail.

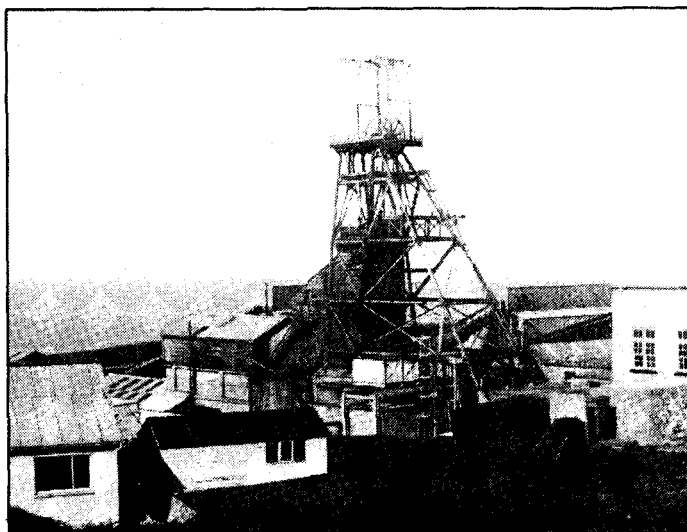
Until the 1980 coup, the TPA was a perfectly open and legal organisation. To date, the military prosecution has failed to come up with a shred of evidence to substantiate the claim that the TPA was a Soviet-sponsored body 'seeking to undermine the integrity of the Turkish state.' Instead, it has concentrated upon 'proving' that the demands for nuclear disarmament, the dissolution of all military pacts and regional demilitarisation (the central themes of the TPA programme) were inherently communist and therefore, under the terms of the Turkish penal code, treasonable.

The decision clearly reflects the Ozal regime's growing confidence in its ability to dissuade other European governments from demanding improvements in Turkey's human rights record. Three weeks ago, the five European governments who had taken Ankara to the European Court for its systematic violation of the Convention on Human Rights, dropped their case, having received assurances that 'the Government of Turkey was determined to secure compliance with the rights and freedoms guaranteed by the Convention...'

Mrs Thatcher will, next month, become the first European prime-minister to greet Ozal on an official visit. British Aerospace are expected to secure a £140m contract for the Rapier missile system and to advance negotiations for the sale of 20 Tornado aircraft.

Kevin Watkins

NOW TIN VILLAGES FACE PIT CLOSURE AGONIES



David and Joan Willis

That familiar winding gear — but this time it's not for coal

FAILURE to reach agreement in the protracted negotiations over the fate of the International Tin Council (ITC) has already had a direct effect on those working in the venerable Cornish tin industry. JUDITH COOK reports

TWO WEEKS before Christmas 340 men (out of a workforce of 375) at the Geevor tin mine, Pendeen in West Cornwall, were given redundancy notices. The remainder are sure of a job for only 90 days. It will push the

unemployment rate around the mine up to 40 per cent.

The possible collapse of the ITC (and with it a fall in the price of tin) offers a grim future for all Cornish mines, but those in the South Crofty complex are owned by RTZ and might be able to ride out the storm for a while. Geevor, which is privately owned, cannot.

As well as the direct loss of jobs it's estimated that a further 4,500 jobs in ancillary occupations are at risk. Protests are coming in from many quarters. All the political parties, Cornwall's Tory and Liberal MPs (there are no Labour members), several district councils, the county council, five trade unions and a number of other associations have formed a protest

Lothian CRC's crisis deepens

THE COMMISSION for Racial Equality (CRE) has decided to take the unusual step of sending a fact-finding mission to Edinburgh this month (January) to examine the operation of Lothian Community Relations Council (LCRC). Meanwhile, the Council's serious internal crisis (New Statesman 22 November and 6 December 1985) has deepened in spite of attempts by its executive committee to resolve the bitter row between staff over allegations of sexual and racial harassment.

In response to public criticisms of how LCRC works from a dozen members of ethnic minority communities in Edinburgh, a CRE commissioner from Newcastle will lead an 'appraisal visit' as soon as possible. A CRE spokesperson stressed that this was not the same as a formal inquiry, but admitted that it was 'a very rare

occurrence'.

The CRE has invited Lothian regional council to take part in the visit. LCRC, like all CRCs, relies on grants from the CRE and the regional council, both of which contribute almost £30,000 a year. If LCRC's problems are not resolved, the CRE could then decide to go a stage further and launch an independent inquiry. On a few occasions in the past this has resulted in the withdrawal of funds from community relations councils.

Akram 'aggressive'

LCRC's executive committee announced last month that it upheld the complaint of aggressive behaviour brought by two women staff members against the senior community officer, Mohammed Akram, but rejected their allegations of persistent sexual harassment. The committee also dismissed Akram's complaints against the women.

Both sides, dissatisfied with the verdict, are now intending to take the dispute further. The women, Dawn

alliance against the closures. Two bishops — those of Truro and London (the latter a Thatcher appointee formerly in Truro) — have added their weight to the campaign. No one, however, is under any illusion: if the price of tin drops, as forecast, to £4,500 a tonne, that will be the end — it won't even be possible to keep the mines clear of water to reopen.

Ray Rodden, senior TGWU shop steward at Geevor and chair of St Just Labour Party, wrote to the Commons select committee set up to look into the crisis in the ITC and received in reply only a press release saying that the tin industry itself was not on the committee's agenda. David Harris, Tory MP for St Ives has been pleading with Leon Brittan for a government subvention to the tune of £32m for ITC to pay something towards its £1bn debt. Ken Gilbert, Geevor's executive chairperson, confirms that if the company's requests for help go unanswered it will not be able to continue to trade.

Surviving remnant

The effect on the area around Geevor cannot be overestimated. It's the one part of Cornwall which has survived the many past crises in the industry. The 'Tin Coast' has been mined for hundreds of years and there are many second and third generation miners down Geevor. There's no other employment apart from a small tourist trade. If all the mines go it's estimated that it will take £27m out of the Cornish economy as a whole.

It's ironic that the Labour Party's call for subsidies to the tin industry to see it over the present crisis are being echoed by many Tory West Country politicians who fiercely opposed money for coal mines.

Corbett and Glenys Watt, are proceeding to the next stage of the union grievance procedure, involving the regional principal officer of the CRE, while Akram will be going back to the executive committee seeking further action.

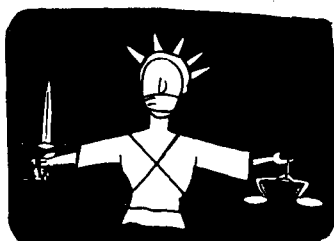
Akram is also at the centre of a further, hitherto unreported, row with another woman worker, Ms Caroline Hall, who has just finished nine months work as an employment consultant with Lothian CRC. She has alleged that Akram physically molested her and acted vindictively. Akram has denied her allegations and accused her of being 'the poison at the centre of the orchestrated campaign against me'.

According to Ms Hall's description, she dealt with Akram's alleged advances in a fairly robust manner: 'One day I entered the office to find him alone and, with no warning whatsoever, he physically molested me. I caught him in an arm lock to make it quite clear that I was not prepared to tolerate such behaviour and he never touched me again.'

Rob Edwards

YOUR RADICAL NEW YEAR STARS

No, no, we will have no more over-the-shoulder looks back at 1985. This week the NS looks to the future. Five hired mystics give us their forecasts, hopes and fears for some of the key issues in 1986



CIVIL LIBERTIES

WHAT WILL YOU be doing on New Year's Day 1987? Singing your way home from a great party, demonstrating for peace, or clutching a can of coke at the Luton v Leicester City match? Any of these could land you with a criminal record — such is the extent of current proposals to criminalise peaceful behaviour.

The Public Order Bill (second reading 13 January) proposes a new wide offence of disorderly behaviour which can be rowdy and anti-social but need not be violent. It extends to private as well as public places, so the employee having a loud argument with her boss, or the heckler at a shareholders' meeting could be arrested if a police officer believes the behaviour is likely to cause alarm, harassment or distress. The arrest power bears a striking resemblance to the old 'sus' law. For football fans, carrying a disposable soft drink can without any intent to cause damage will be a criminal offence.

Peaceful demonstrators could also find themselves on the wrong side of the law. The Bill proposes new police powers to impose conditions on demonstrations which they believe will cause serious disruption to community life or coerce individuals, and seven days notice will be required.

Just as alarming is the fact that the arbiters of acceptable behaviour for the new public order offences will not be a jury of one's peers, but magistrates, who may not allow the defence to be legally aided in such 'minor' matters.

Jury trial is itself under attack. If, as reported, the Roskill committee proposes getting rid of juries for fraud trials, how long before the same is done for long and expensive riot trials where juries are reluctant to convict? And if

the Bill to extend the Obscene Publications Act to television succeeds, then a television producer faced with a jury box full of Mary Whitehouse lookalikes may be only able to challenge one juror instead of three as at present, or seven as in 1977.

Marie Staunton

Marie Staunton is legal officer of the NCCL



GAYS

THE MEDIA are going to go on being a source of fury and despair to lesbians and gay men in 1986 — to the lesbian and gay populations at large, and specifically to the voluntary workers in (eg) the switchboards and the Aids information/counselling services, whose workloads rocket each time a gay 'scare story' flares.

But the fight-back against media disinformation on gays is gathering strength, with the gay press increasingly urging that people phone/write in against the prime offenders (the *Mirror* may be taken before the Press Council for a disreputable Aids 'exclusive' last month). A London conference next month to be chaired by Nick Ross, presenter of BBC's *Breakfast Time*, is to give the results of Gays and Broadcasting's survey of the airwaves' sins and omissions.

In parliament, right-wingery is likely to over-reach itself as Winston Churchill Jnr flounders with his gay-baiting Obscene Publications Bill (NS 13 December 1985) and Jill Knight tries to rabble-rouse against 'the homosexual lobby in education in London' (genuine exclusive by *Capital Gay* 20 December 1985). Over-the-top cranks have generally been useful rather than otherwise, in recent years, in the effort to civilise attitudes to homosexuals.

But aided by the acceleratingly right-wing drift in the press (neither

Murdoch's *Post* nor Shah's *Today* are going to be anything but poor news for lesbians and gays) the Churchills and Knights will intermittently poison the atmosphere. They will be helped by further bouts of homophobic Aids sensationalism as diagnosed cases rise.

The first half of the year could see formation of an Aids Foundation to channel money raised outside the public sector. Offers from (eg) the pop world have tended to hang fire through uncertainties about just who is most deserving at any one time.

And on 8 October, in a trial date just fixed, Gay's the Word bookshop will be at the Old Bailey defending itself against the conspiracy charges brought by Customs & Excise. A full-time paid campaign co-ordinator is expected to have just started work as you read this.

Andrew Lumsden



POVERTY

IN A FEW WEEKS' time, we will at last know what impact the 1979-83 Tory government had on the numbers living in poverty. The figures for 1983 were due out in autumn 1985; but they have been mysteriously postponed until 'sometime in the New Year'. If (as is likely) they confirm the inexorable recent growth in the numbers of poor people, especially amongst families with children, will poverty be the major political issue of 1986?

Poverty lobbyists will be endeavouring to ensure that it is. But this may suit the Government's own purposes very well. If the 1983 figures look grim, it will point to the forthcoming Bill to reform social security as the solution. After all, poor families receive special attention in the Bill (though only at the expense of many others on low incomes).

If in 1986 we do not challenge this willingness to relegate welfare provision to a residual role, we may be in danger of losing not only the battle

against poverty this time round, but also the war.

This may sound melodramatic. But it's a logical consequence of the government's plans for downgrading benefits as of right in favour of benefits reserved for the poor. Benefits in which everyone has a stake — such as child benefit — are, as the government itself recognises, 'simple, well understood and popular'. Benefits for the poor alone, on the other hand, tend to degenerate into poor benefits; they are resented by their recipients, the recipients are resented by others — and both are largely ignored by the rest of us.

In the long run, therefore, if the government's strategy of cutting back universal benefits and prioritising selective benefits continues, the political consequences are critical. The poor will be on poor relief. The rest of us will be doing nicely, thank you, on tax relief. And universal benefits will be worth less and less, until they are worthless. There will then be no one left to defend the best building blocks we have to construct the support and solidarity necessary for a coherent strategy for the prevention of poverty.

That is why 1986 is a crucial year — not just for the poor themselves but for the politics of poverty.

Fran Bennett

Fran Bennett is Deputy Director of the Child Poverty Action Group, which this year celebrates — if that's the right word — its 21st anniversary.



PEACE

THE LAST national CND action of 1985 was a Christian service at Burghfield armaments factory, followed by 'actions'. Purely coincidental, of course, but it may be a taste of things to come under the new chair, Paul Johns, who was elected to replace Joan Ruddock on a tide of feeling from 'the grassroots' for non-violent direct action.

Recently appointed general secretary Meg Beresford is also keen to encourage direct actions and on 6 February CND is organising a blockade at Molesworth US air base —

the first such action which the London headquarters has mobilised for since 1983.

But 1986 is also a year for the courts. On the strength of former M15 officer Cathy Massiter's evidence, CND is applying for a judicial review of the tapping of the phones of their erstwhile chief officers, Bruce Kent, Joan Ruddock and John Cox. The case is expected to be heard in the High Court in March. Meanwhile CND also has a case pending at the European Court of Human Rights on the wider issue of the interference with the civil liberties of its members.

The Basic Case is the campaign's rally cry for the year. Essentially a reiteration of the fundamental arguments for disarmament, it's a way of stimulating new advertising, invigorating CND's image and getting groups out doorstepping to attract new members.

Then there's the Freeze. Publicly CND is being very chummy — a complementary campaign and all that. But the fact is that it will provide a soft option for anyone flaky on disarmament who'd like to be 'seen to be doing something': the SDP, various Labour Party personae (George Robertson, foreign affairs spokesperson for example) 'personalities' and certain in the Churches. The other objection is that the Freeze is aiming for a multilateral agreement to include France, Britain and China — when everyone knows it would be easier to get the superpowers to agree than to drag France to the negotiating table. For that reason — France's unabashed determination to keep on testing in the Pacific etc etc — the 1986 European Nuclear Disarmament Conference will be in Paris (beware, Sealink, of mines on passenger ferries in June if the French government takes umbrage).

Jane Dibblin



RACE

THIS YEAR will see the end of the GLC and the met counties. Paradoxically, this may turn out to be a blessing for black people. Much of the aid given to the 'beleagured' black community has not encouraged people to 'take risks'. It has gone to voluntary groups rather than launching black people into the marketplace.

This train of thought leads to the hope that in 1986 the 'Welfarism' that has shackled the black community will be replaced by a new spirit, a new sense

of reality that will really want to stake a claim in Britain by owning some of its wealth-creating machinery.

1985 ended with victory for Diane Abbott, selected as the Labour candidate for Hackney North. Keith Vaz, one of the major black sections figures, was selected in a strongly Asian area in Leicester. Two other prospective black candidates will seek selection this year. Phil Sealy, Labour councillor for Brent, will be a strong candidate for any London manouvering. The case of Russell Proffitt could prove the most interesting. Although Sealy — like Abbott and Vaz — is in the running for constituencies without black sections, Proffitt has already been selected by Lewisham East, with the participation of the constituency black section, and the local party may be forced to make some sort of deal with Walworth Road.

Diane Abbott's selection raises serious questions about the real value of black MPs. An end-of-year statement from the *Race Today* collective stated: 'The continuing development of radical and revolutionary culture is being undermined by the entry of educated young blacks into the Labour Party... the pursuit of the seat in the House of Commons or in local councils has replaced genuine black political activity.' As more black candidates get selected this year, the arguments will intensify.

But the real hope for black people in 1986 must be to be taken seriously and not conveniently explained away. It will mean more black people speaking on issues that face the nation and outside the trusted road of 'Race Relations'. It is time to wear the 'garments' created by black people with a sense of pride rather than as a second-rate hand me down.

Tony Sewell

Tony Sewell is features editor of the black newspaper *The Voice*.

Unfinished business for the NS, too

AS IF to herald in 1986 — the 75th anniversary year of the notorious and discredited 1911 Official Secrets Act — the NS had another visitation from the police before Christmas.

Chief Superintendent Waite and Inspector Russell of the Avon and Somerset Police interviewed Hugh Stephenson and Duncan Campbell for 4½ hours on 18 December about an article that we published on 29 November, describing how nuclear weapons are convoyed round the country.

The officers left saying that they had 'reasonable grounds to suspect' that we had committed an offence under the OSA and that they would be sending a report to the Director of Public Prosecutions.

Watch this space.

MISCELLANY

A classic beauty

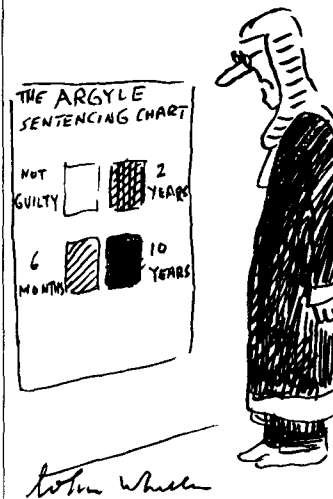
'Her Doric legs encased in beige knickerbockers, she confidently strides among the early morning hurly-burly [of New Covent Garden]'. We are among the rich. But are they about to become richer? For the legs are those of Eaton Sq hostess Mrs Homayoun Mazandi, and the description of them, encased and all, is from the *Sunday Times* magazine of 22 December, gushing profile by Jessica Berens. The mag probably went to press before the historic High Court 'big bum' libel action, in which actress Charlotte Cornwell got £10,000 from the *Sunday People* for anatomical insult. Are you ready, Mrs Mazandi? Your legs have been compared (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1964 p863) to columns in which typically you see 'the shaft tapering downwards to rest on a simple flat stone base, the wide-spreading wooden capital formed by a concave necking separated from the shaft by an astragal, with a bulging echinus and a square abacus above'. Alternatively, the Doric column 'normally has 20 flutes'. Should be big bucks in this one.

Sounding brass

There was alarm, too, at the Observer last month. Ann Barr, poached from Harpers and Queen to edit 'Weekend', the 'style' section of the paper, caused fury by taking the proceeds of the annual internal books sale — Observer staff get to buy at huge discounts — and saying she'd add the money to her features budget. It always used to go to charity. There were meetings... but she got her way...

Sees no evil

Let us return to the subject of Judge Michael Argyle, who sentenced black Chelsea supporter Kevin Whitton to life imprisonment for waving his fist (NS 15 November, and *passim*). He's had black defendants in his court before. Reader Linda Norris draws our



attention to this passage in Peter Hain's *Political Trials in Britain* (Allen Lane 1984): 'The Virk brothers were

attacked by several white racist youths and had to defend themselves. But when police were called to the scene, they were the ones arrested. They were later convicted solely on the basis of police evidence, and sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment by Judge Michael Argyle on 19 July 1978. Passing sentence, the judge condemned the brothers for trying to 'introduce racial prejudice' as a factor and rebuked the defence for asking the white youths whether they were members of the National Front.'

Missed target

A Steve Bell-designed greetings card showing doo Ron Ronnie exterminating Santa Claus, à la *Star Wars*, found plenty of buyers through an advert in the tankie-controlled *Morning Star*. However, the publishers of the card, *European Nuclear Disarmament*, didn't get too many follow-up enquiries for membership, which they used the back of the card to encourage. It may have been something to do with the accompanying message: 'It's time we were loyal — not to East or West, but to each other.' END might have had more success with the more Euro-Communist leaning 7 days. Aggrieved *Morning Star* readers will have a chance to get even at END's public meeting 'No to *Star Wars*' on 16 January, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1 where one of their favourite targets, E. P. Thompson, will be speaking.

Right cards

'The Federation of Conservative Students wishes you a happy Christmas and welcomes the liberation of Nicaragua by the forces of freedom in the New Year.' Yes, those witty young men at the FCS have been sending out their propaganda on Christmas cards as well. They even sent one to — wait for it — David Kitson, the anti-apartheid campaigner. 'LIBERATE NICARAGUA' says the card, over a festive picture of menacing silhouetted helicopters. Inside, the sender, FCS activist David Hoile has added his personal greeting: 'See you next year in Managua'. To be Tory and young is very heaven.

Exchange your papers

Should anyone care, here are the answers to the Miscellany end-of-term test: 1) A cuckoo-clock-like device which projects a likeness of the director's visage into the assistants' room. 2) The National Front. 3) Workers at Sellafield. 4) The NSPCC. 5) Timothy Renton. 6) Nicholas Ridley. 7) We have no idea but we have reason to believe that something was. 8) Ian MacGregor. 9) Judge Michael Argyle. 10) Mrs Thatcher — and is it our fault if Raisa Gorbachev is a Miscellany reader?



CITY STRANGLEHOLD ON LOCAL DEMOCRACY

IF YOU LIVE in a poor area you may find your neighbourhood being 'developed' out of all recognition by big business interests. The process has already started in Canary Wharf in London's Isle of Dogs. BOB COLENUTT explains how the government intends to allow the City boys to bypass normal planning procedures

IF ANYONE was in doubt about how the Tories see the future of inner cities, two recent moves should settle the issue. First, a new Cabinet committee chaired by Mrs Thatcher has decided to set up mini-development agencies to take over Urban Aid Programmes currently administered by Labour local councils. Secondly, the Government has simultaneously given the go-ahead without a public inquiry to Canary Wharf, the largest property development ever in the UK, and has sold off the Docklands Light Railway which will serve Canary Wharf to Credit Suisse First Boston Bank.

Both decisions emphasise the determination of the Government to bypass local councils or indeed any other local organisation that opposes Government priorities for inner city areas, and at the same time to put private capital formally in charge of urban development.

The London Docklands Development Corporation (LDDC) is the model that the Cabinet is studying. It was set up in 1981 with wide planning powers, 1000 acres of public land and an annual budget of £70 million. Meetings are held behind closed doors. The 'success story' for Mrs Thatcher is that the LDDC is selling off Docklands to commercial developers and private housebuilders, against the policies and wishes of local councils and local people.

Canary Wharf is the latest and most spectacular of the LDDC's ambitious plans to make Docklands an extension of the City of London and a playground for the wealthy. The 10 million square feet scheme — five times bigger than the huge Hays Wharf development now going up on the South Bank — is the

creation of First Boston Real Estate, a subsidiary of Credit-Suisse First Boston Bank. A consortium of American banks is providing the finance. The office space is aimed at these banks and at the so-called 'big bang' expansion that may (or may not) arise from deregulation of City finance markets in October 1986.

No one in Docklands outside the LDDC had heard a thing about Canary Wharf or First Boston until June 1985 when a company called Morgan Stanley International, an investment bank associated with First Boston, announced the £1.5 billion proposal for Canary Wharf in the Isle of Dogs Enterprise Zone. Things then went quiet until October 2nd when First Boston submitted a glossy 'Master Plan' document to the LDDC.

Great skyscrapers

Described as a 'major financial centre',

the scheme includes (though this was not pointed out in the Master Plan) three 850 feet skyscrapers, each more than 250 feet higher than the National Westminster Tower that dominates the London skyline.

Just 15 days after the Master Plan was submitted, the LDDC Board gave it the go-ahead. The Chief Executive of the LDDC did not get around to contacting the GLC or the local boroughs for their views on the environmental or traffic impact of 10 million square feet of offices until 24 October, a week after the LDDC gave its approval.

The LDDC is now engaged in what it calls 'a second round of consultation' leading up to signing in February or March 1986 an agreement for the sale of LDDC land and for detailed designs and conditions. This contract has the bizarre Masonic sounding title of 'Master Building Agreement'.

A silent prince

The skyscrapers were greeted with uproar by civic societies, the Royal Town Planning Institute and the English Heritage Trust. But in contrast with the furore over the much smaller Palumbo Mansion House development in the City of London, this time Prince Charles kept quiet while the Royal Fine Arts Commission welcomed the scheme in principle.

So it has been left to local people in Docklands to ask the question: what is in it for us? In terms of getting jobs, what makes Canary Wharf any different from the problems of getting jobs in the banking quarter of the City, only yards from the boundary of Tower Hamlets borough?

Others are asking, what is it going to cost? It is the cost to the taxpayer and the nature of the conditions insisted upon by First Boston that reveal the

essential role of the LDDC and the government. Canary Wharf will be built on LDDC land and will be manoeuvred through the planning and political system by the Corporation. What First Boston want can only be met through LDDC and Government action. The consortium want the Docklands Light Railway extended to the City at one end, and to the proposed Docklands Airport at the other.

A Bill for the City extension was put before the Commons in November 1985 and has its second reading on 29 January. In return for First Boston putting up £30 million for the extension, Transport Minister Nicholas Ridley has announced that the Light Railway, currently in the hands of London Regional Transport, will be privatised under a consortium headed by First Boston. £70 million of public money has been put into the construction of the Docklands Railway so far.

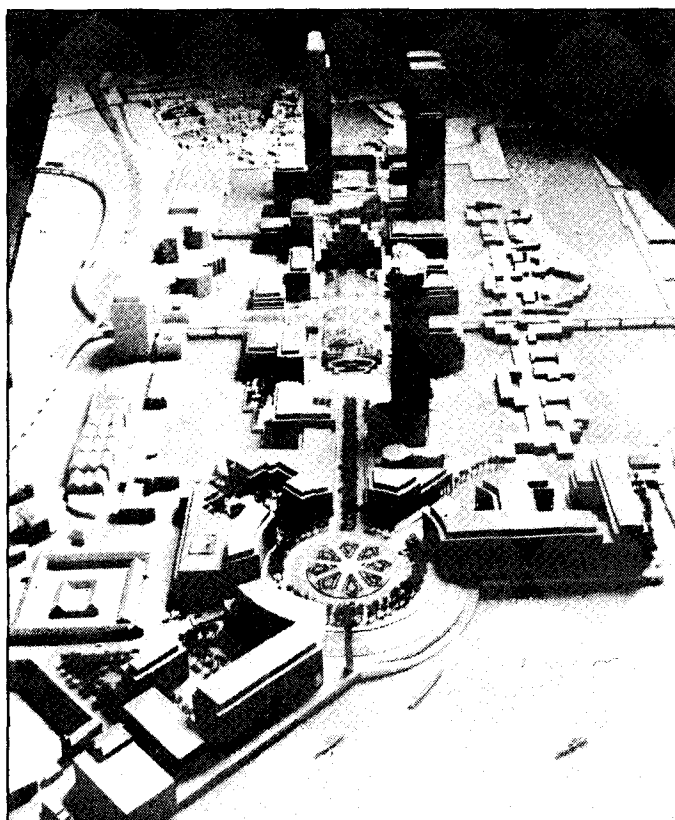
In addition, massive new road works are needed to get the estimated 40,000 employees to and from Canary Wharf. Again the LDDC will be the channel for government money and, in the absence of the GLC which will be abolished just after the Master Building Agreement is signed, it will take over the GLC road building programme for the Docklands area.

On top of these expensive guarantees, under the terms of the Enterprise Zone scheme, First Boston will receive 100 per cent Capital Allowances and no rates have to be paid by occupiers until 1992: the tax payer will foot the rates bill. First Boston say that if they cannot take advantage of these benefits with an early start they will 'go elsewhere'.

Kenneth Baker used the fact of the Enterprise Zone as his reason for refusing to hold an Inquiry into Canary Wharf (even into the skyscrapers). He said: 'I take the view that, having established through the Enterprise Zone system a particular means of providing planning permission in parts of the country that are in urgent need of regeneration, it would not be right for me to intervene.'

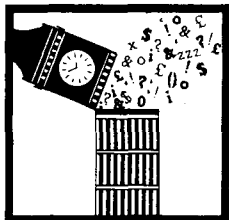
This is an extraordinary statement, because as MPs and planners have pointed out, the impact of Canary Wharf is a little more dramatic than the sort of industrial development envisaged when Enterprise Zones were established.

The GLC is to take the LDDC to the High Court to challenge the LDDC decision to give the go-ahead to Canary Wharf without public examination. However, the deeper problem is the relationship between government and private developers. Agencies like the LDDC have become part and parcel of the private sector. As far as the LDDC and Kenneth Baker are concerned, the public interest is the same as Credit Suisse First Boston's.



Model of First Boston's grand designs on the East End

Scrutiny is a new NS feature which will appear weekly in this space and focus on the operations of powerful interests. Ralph Steadman's series of cartoons has ended for the time being as he concentrates on a forthcoming book.



How Mrs Thatcher banks on the honours system

LIKE THE Irishman, most of us would prefer not to start from here. Were we devising the dignified part of the constitution from scratch the last thing any of us would recommend would be the invention of an honours list, 90 per cent of whose beneficiaries would be given meaningless titles in relation to a non-existent entity.

Over the festive season Graham Carleton Greene has relinquished his powers as Chairman of the *New Statesman* and acquired those of 'Commander of the Order of the British Empire'. As a result of this transformation are we hacks of the *NS* in greater or lesser jeopardy from disobeying Mr Greene's instructions? Or is it merely that the punishment for insubordination has changed — instead of two years' proof-reading the chess column, do we now risk a similar spell feeding the ravens at the Tower? It is very confusing.

Like it or not, though, we do start from here; and the chances are that here we shall stay — with an honours system that is intrinsically ludicrous but generally harmless: one of those British institutions that only a socialist government with time on its hands might abolish or overhaul; some hope.

At this point in the argument Labour's revolutionary Left and its time-serving Right tend to make common cause; the former want to do nothing except abolish the system, while the latter want to do nothing full stop. What neither is willing to address is the detailed iniquities of the way things are done now. And, as with other areas of political activity, what both reject is feasible reform.

This is, perhaps, one reason why the cumulative scandal of Mrs Thatcher's honours lists has passed with so little effective criticism. Individuals may be picked out and mocked: Gordon Reece — knighted 'for political service'; and what service! Or Richard Body, also knighted this week; well, he was one of the last of the 1966 intake of Tory MPs still in the Commons not to have been honoured already, so he was about due for his K, don't y'know? Or Roney Godfrey Collumbell Messervy, Chairman and Chief Executive of Lucas Industries. A knighthood for him follows (according to Labour Research's meticulous log of such matters) Lucas's £17,500 donation to the Conservative Party last year.

However, once the short list of odd characters is exhausted, we are left with the familiar mix of career civil servants, retired sub-postmistresses and local government worthies. Who, in their hearts, would honestly wish to deny Miss Georgina Winifred Attwood, Secretary of the Moreton-in-Marsh and District Agricultural and Horse Show Society her MBE? Or a similar honour to Mrs Catherine Lile Baxter, lately organiser of the Rochester Citizens' Advice Bureau?

Besides, except in notorious cases, like some

of the recipients of Harold Wilson's retirement honours, the merits of specific individuals are beside the point. Gordon Reece's knighthood does, admittedly, stink more than a little; but Richard Body happens to be a dogged backbencher who has done far more than most on the Left to defend the interests of the countryside from the incursions of agribusiness and Common Market subsidies. And, for all I know, Roney Godfrey Collumbell Messervy's knighthood is quite independent of Lucas's donation to the Tories.

PETER KELLNER

THERE IS a parallel in the honours system with the arguments about the causes of certain diseases — leukaemia from Sellafield, for example, or heart disease from smoking. Take any particular victim in isolation and proof of the causal connection may well be elusive. Some people living near Sellafield would have contracted leukaemia even if no nuclear installation had ever been built there; and some heart attack victims would have been struck down even if they had never smoked.

Likewise, many individual recipients of peerages and knighthoods from Mrs Thatcher might claim that they deserved their honours quite independently of their acts of financial or political loyalty. But, likewise, an overpowering case against the systematically corrosive use of honour's patronage by Mrs Thatcher can be assembled from the weight of statistical evidence.

That evidence has been assembled by a former editor of *Labour Research*, John Walker, in a book to be published next week*. In part, Walker fills out the details of a process that Mrs Thatcher, far from concealing, has made explicit. Shortly after she became Prime Minister she announced that she was abandoning the convention set by Wilson and continued by Edward Heath and James Callaghan, and re-introducing awards for political service. Now, each honours list includes a number of Tories (44 this week) and a handful of Liberals (5 this week). Labour refuses to nominate anyone and the Social Democrats have never been asked.

As far as major honours to Tory MPs is concerned, Walker shows how Mrs Thatcher has used her powers:

There are presently 29 MPs with continuous membership of the House of Commons who were first elected as Conservatives in 1959 or before. In 1979, before Mrs Thatcher entered Downing Street, less than half of them were either Privy Councillors or knights . . . By 1985 all 29 had either a knighthood or a Privy Councillorship.

* *The Queen Has Been Pleased*, Secker and Warburg, £9.95.

The Prime Minister has now started to work her way through the 1964, 1966 and 1970 intakes, as this week's knighthoods for Richard Body (1966), Adam Butler (1970) and Trevor Skeet (1970) indicate, following last year's loyalty tokens for three of the 1964 bunch (Paul Deen, Eldon Griffiths and Peter Hordern). By the time of the next general election any Tory MPs with more than 20 years' continuous service and no honour will be uncomfortable exceptions.

IF MRS THATCHER's political awards make Britain look like an outpost of Ruritania, her awards to industrialists come straight from the seamier side of Washington life under Richard Nixon or Ronald Reagan.

As Walker shows there is a significant difference between the distribution of knighthoods and peerages. On the whole, leading industrialists have been knighted much as they have always been done: the chief executives of leading companies like ICI, BP, Esso and Courtaulds have received their gongs despite giving no money to the Tories. Thus the fact that other industrialists whose firms have donated funds to the Tories have also been knighted in part reflects the fact that some big firms give money and some don't.

Even so, claims that the system is administered quite impartially are strained by Walker's finding that, between 1979 and 1985, 'over two-thirds of the men [in industry] receiving knighthoods direct companies that give money to the Conservative Party, yet only a third of the top fifty UK companies give money to the Conservative Party and its allies'.

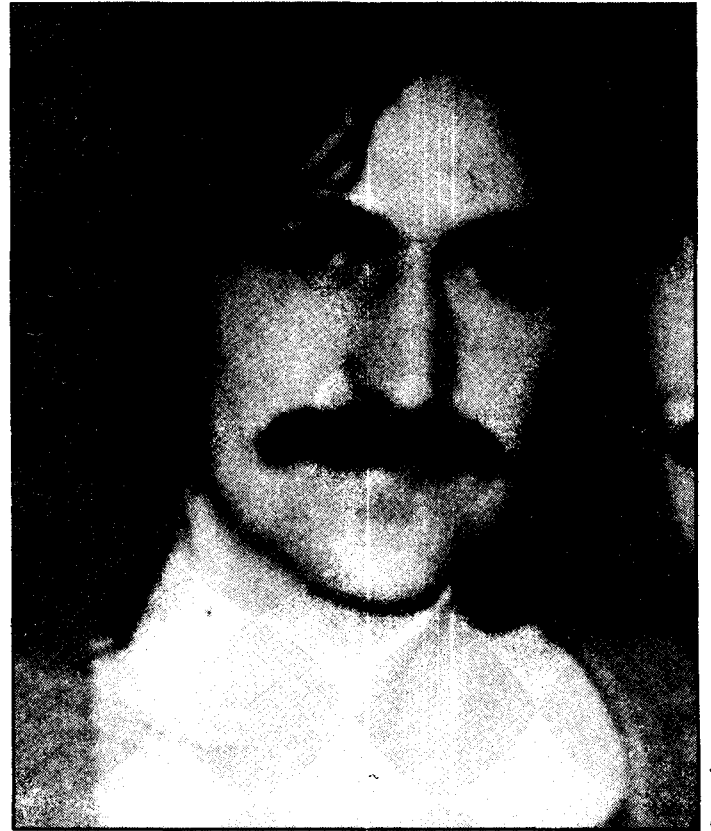
The distribution of peerages is even worse. These confer not merely honour but real (if limited) power. Mrs Thatcher has awarded 11 peerages to private-sector industrialists since she came to power. As Walker shows, *every one of them directed companies that donated money to the Tories between 1979 and 1984*. One of them, Victor Matthews, directed a company (Trafalgar House) that gave no money in the year that he was ennobled; but it gave a total of £210,000 in the four years subsequently. Another, Arnold Weinstock, ran a company (GEC) that gave £50,000 during the year he received his peerage but has donated nothing subsequently.

If a peerage were a disease and financial donations to the Tory party an alleged cause, the correlation uncovered by Walker's analysis would be accepted by any health statistician as irrefutable evidence of the link.

Under The Honours (Prevention of Abuses) Act, 1925, anyone who attempts to sell an honour, however indirectly, 'shall be guilty of a misdemeanour' and may be jailed for up to two years. If a court were willing to admit statistical analysis as evidence, it could yet be Mrs Thatcher who ends up feeding the ravens. □

JUDGES TOO WILLING TO BELIEVE THE SUPERGRASS

The uncorroborated evidence of supergrass Harry Kirkpatrick (right) put 26 defendants behind bars in a Northern Ireland non-jury 'Diplock' court, judged by Mr Justice Carswell (far right). TONY GIFFORD QC witnessed the extraordinary event. These trials continue to convict Republicans as judges perform logical gymnastics to uphold the Crown's case. It is crucial that a Bill be passed requiring that evidence be corroborated



THE APPEARANCE of the trial was remarkable enough. Twenty-seven defendants in the dock, hemmed around by 82 policemen. The public gallery separated off behind a bullet-proof screen.

In the centre the judge, Mr Justice Carswell, beginning his judgment on the hundredth day of a trial which had begun last January, taking three days to deliver over 500 verdicts on over 150 charges. All 27 were found guilty — 26 of them on the uncorroborated evidence of the 'supergrass' Harry Kirkpatrick.

Ten received life sentences on one or more of six murder charges. The others were jailed for terms ranging from five to 20 years. They have declared that one by one they will go on hunger strike, demanding the end of the 'supergrass' system.

It may be that we are to witness another agony as men die for principles which they believe to be just. If so, the rest of us must examine the reasons behind their decision. Did these men receive justice? I believe that I was witnessing a masquerade of judicial proceeding, a form of trial which was more appropriate to a totalitarian state.

Harry Kirkpatrick had risen through the ranks of the Irish National Liberation Army (INLA) until he was brigade adjutant, the second-in-command of the Belfast Brigade. He had pleaded guilty to 77 charges, including five murders. He claimed that he was motivated to give evidence solely by the desire to renounce his association with the INLA.

The judge was satisfied that his real motive, to a substantial degree, was 'self-interest, consisting of a hope of executive clemency in earlier release and assistance on his eventual discharge from prison'. Since he received life sentences with no recommended minimum term, it is obvious that

he had the strongest reasons for wishing to please the authorities by giving successful evidence.

His performance in the witness box lasted for 26 days. His evidence had all the appearance of a well-rehearsed script. As the judge said:

One striking feature was that Kirkpatrick related each of the 30 incidents in chronological order, with little or no prompting from Crown counsel, which followed without deviation the order in which they appeared in his statement made for the purposes of committal for trial. He gave quite a lot of his narrative without interruption rather than by question and answer and when he did so the verbal similarity to his statement was noticeable.

But the judge rejected the theory of a prepared script. 'I did receive a good impression of actual recollection of events', he said. On the basis of this 'impression' he proceeded to accept every detail of Kirkpatrick's evidence unless the defence could prove it to be false.

Once away from the contents of his committal statement, though, Kirkpatrick's memory was curiously fallible. He denied that he had bargained with the police in an attempt to obtain complete immunity and, when documents were produced revealing that he had, he professed not to remember them. His evidence of his dealings with the police was so patently false that the judge was forced to conclude:

that in professing not to remember them he was giving deliberately false evidence and was attempting to conceal from the Court the true extent of his recollection. This conclusion involves accepting that he has also lied to the Court in denying that he sought immunity from prosecution. Nor do I believe Kirkpatrick when he says that breaking his links with INLA and wishing to tell the truth were his only reasons for giving evidence.

However, the judge explained away this

proven perjury as 'a misguided attempt at self-defence in cross-examination', which did not undermine the integrity of the rest of his evidence.

WHAT OF THE SUBSTANCE of his evidence, in which the 27 defendants were said to have been playing certain roles — some often, some only once — in the murders, shootings and conspiracies which made up the 30 incidents? One problem with the evidence of a supergrass is that it is almost impossible to disprove. If 'X' is alleged to have been at a meeting three years before, it will be rare for 'X' to be able to remember where he was at the time, let alone to prove an alibi.

In one most revealing instance, a defendant was able to do just that. 'Hen' McNamee was said by Kirkpatrick to have been party to the planning of the murder of Desmond McBride, a UDR man who was shot, not fatally, on the morning of 21 January 1981. Kirkpatrick had a 'clear picture' in his mind of McNamee at a meeting before the murder attempt.

But McNamee was in gaol. He had been granted bail on 20 January, but did not obtain a surety until the late afternoon of the 21st. The judge skated lightly over this extraordinary flaw in Kirkpatrick's memory:

Kirkpatrick's evidence regarding McNamee is plainly wrong, but I consider that the error stems from mistake rather than deliberate falsifying.

He convicted everyone else alleged to have been involved in the plot.

Even if one discounts a sinister explanation for this bizarre 'mistake', how many other 'mistakes' were made which could not be exposed? Once Kirkpatrick was accepted as a reliable witness, the burden of proof was in effect shifted — it was



up to the defendants to prove their innocence.

There were many other strange inconsistencies in the case. The conviction of Thomas Power is particularly disturbing. He was Britain's longest-ever remand prisoner, having been arrested in February 1982 — and named by five supergrasses in succession. As each one retracted, the police produced another.

He faced only one allegation from Kirkpatrick — that he, Jimmy Brown, Kirkpatrick and six others had planned to murder a policeman. The murder had been carried out, with Kirkpatrick and the six others playing active roles. But Brown and Thomas Power appeared to play no part, other than to be present when the plan was made.

The judge found the evidence about Brown's part in this crime to be unsatisfactory. He decided that Kirkpatrick may well have made 'an error' about Brown; and then to have tried 'to escape its consequences by evasion and twisting of the evidence'. Brown was acquitted, but Thomas Power convicted. He is serving life imprisonment on that evidence alone.

BARRISTERS AT the trial were amazed at the New Statesman 3 January 1986

shoddy reasoning by which the judge justified his verdicts. They thought that there were certainly *some* guilty men in the dock — how many was impossible to tell. But it was not justice for them to be condemned on this evidence.

Republicans have raised conspiracy theories about the verdict: that it was ordered to placate Protestant loyalists; that it was designed to wreck the Anglo-Irish agreement. I am less sure. There are pressures enough operating on the minds of the Northern Ireland judges.

They are the pillars of the system of law and order, themselves potential targets of the paramilitaries. Their evident keenness to believe the Crown's case and their readiness to perform logical somersaults gives the unavoidable impression that they want to put all terrorists behind bars, particularly Republican terrorists. (It is significant that every UVF supergrass case has ended in acquittals, either at the trial or on appeal.)

Even so, in the last two years a number of supergrass trials have resulted in acquittals and in the Bennett case, the first to be considered by the Court of Appeal, the verdicts have been overturned. Some believed that the judiciary had

in practice imposed on themselves a requirement that such evidence had to be corroborated.

That is clearly not the case. Several other supergrass trials will take place this year. More appeals are due to be heard — notably one (the Black case), starting on 7 January.

If the judiciary cannot be trusted to do justice, the legislature must intervene. A Bill has been drafted by the National Council for Civil Liberties to require corroboration of an accomplice's evidence in Northern Ireland's non-jury 'Diplock' courts. Peter Archer has promised Labour front bench support. If there is to be any semblance of justice in Northern Ireland, this at least must be accepted as the minimum necessary reform. □

Tony Gifford (Lord Gifford QC) is the author of Supergrasses — the Use of Accomplice Evidence in Northern Ireland, published by the Cobden Trust.

WILL LABOUR CHANGE IT?

SPEND, SPEND SPEND — ON MILITARY ONLY

British research and development spending is eaten up by the military. STEPHEN ROSE argues for a shake-up in priorities — including making the MoD work for social ends

A FEW MONTHS AGO Sir Ronald Mason, former Chief Defence Scientist, was lecturing on the fertile inter-relationships between the government's ambitious information technology programme — Alvey — and the 'smart' electronic battlefield of any future European war. Asked what would happen to the military research programme if Labour came to power he was engagingly frank. He's worked with Tory and Labour governments alike and, where defence research was concerned, there had been little to choose between them. In any event, programmes like Trident would be so far down the line by 1988 that it would simply be impracticable to cancel them.

Later in the year, it was Sir Ronald's turn to listen as Neil Kinnock described Labour's new policy for science and technology at London's Royal Institution. Kinnock spoke of the need for a Minister for Science, to open science to women and to public scrutiny — and, not least, to redirect Britain's scientific effort away from military towards civil research. But, asked Mason, how did this differ from Wilson's promise of socialism forged in the white heat of the technological revolution? For a start, Kinnock replied, we all had a much more critical understanding of the relations of science and society.

It's an optimistic view, in a world where conditions for 'science for the people' are less favourable than 20 years ago. Like most of its industrial competitors, Britain spends

Pazemaker

something over 2 per cent of its Gross National Product on activities classified as research and development (R and D). The government's share of this in 1985/86 is about £4.5 billion. What sets Britain apart is the proportion of the R and D budget it spends on military research — £2.3 billion in 1985/86, or just over 50 per cent of the entire government R and D budget. This is a great deal higher than West Germany (less than 12 per cent) or Japan (less than 5 per cent) and even higher than the US.

Why is our military research spending so high? One answer is that it always has been. Even before the massive increase of the 1939-45 war, military research spending in the 1930s was running at £2.7 million a year by comparison with £600,000 for medical, scientific and industrial research. And, for a democratic society, we are extraordinarily dominated by the military. British troops did fair to have been involved in more wars in more places across the globe (70 at the last count) than those of any other country since 1945. Add to that Britain's major role in the arms trade and some of the pressures for high military research spending become clearer.

WHAT DOES THE Ministry of Defence do with its money? Nearly £700 million is spent each year in its own defence research establishments. Some £1,000 million goes to private industry, mainly, in the MoD's words, for research and development in support of purchasing decisions, from weapons to communications. Something under £10 million goes to fund contract work at universities and there is some 'civil' work undertaken by MoD in aerospace and gas turbines.

So far as the private contractors are concerned, this assured billion-pound-a-year income ought to produce a huge spin-off into civil projects. It doesn't. The best the MoD apologists can come up with is 'new materials' and improvements to aerodynamics and jet engines. As Bill Niven pointed out in the *New Statesman* a year ago (11 January 1985) the government's own advisers are uneasy. The guaranteed profits on most MoD contracts merely featherbeds the world of secret and poorly-controlled military research. Only the worst of the horror stories, which in any other industry would have press and parliament calling for heads to roll, ever surface (such as the failure in price, time and specification of Marconi's equipment on the RAF's new Nimrod).

The MoD in-house research establishments are secure backwaters for many researchers who are under no pressure to publish or produce concrete results. In contrast to the government-funded agricultural, medical and civil scientific research stations across the country which have been cut back over the last three years, intramural research spending by the MoD rose by 33 per cent between 1981 and 1985.

THERE ARE signs that even the present government is getting edgy about criticism of the disparity between MoD and civil spending. Its has recently set up a new company, Defence Technology Enterprises, backed by Lazard and Barclays, which will install 'ferrets' in a number of MoD research establishments to look out for work which may be of commercial interest.

The MoD has offered an additional £10 million a year in university contracts, doubling

its direct stake in higher education. A further £5 million or so of the MoD's budget is to be laundered through the Science and Engineering Research Council for work on MoD-favoured projects. The agreement between Michael Heseltine and Caspar Weinberger, US Defence Secretary, on Star Wars research contracts will increase the pressures. Although some scientists like the computer group at Imperial College have made it clear they will not take Star Wars money, the first British research contract has already been awarded to Heriot-Watt University and Ferranti for optical computer circuitry.

Nigel Lawson's disparaging rejection of the House of Lords report which predicted the imminent collapse of Britain's industrial base will not go far to persuade Tory backbench critics that the government understands the scale of the problem. They have been calling for a transfer of funds of up to 2 per cent from the MoD to civil science. The SDP's recent policy statement (*Focus on the Future*), also calls for improved spin-off, establishing a new facility to promote civilian exploitation of defence R and D, and some relaxation of the Official Secrets Act. Such measures merely scratch the surface of the problem. If Labour is to go beyond fine phrases it must be prepared to embark on much more fundamental change.

The first task is to try to achieve some rational criterion for determining the size of the military research budget. If the Labour Party were committed to a really radical defence policy, which involved a reduction in *non-nuclear* as well as nuclear weaponry, the task would be relatively straightforward. But even within the confines of what a Kinnock-and-Hattersley-led party might achieve, we could go some way in this direction.

First, the argument about spin-off should be seen as a red herring. Surely, if we want particular products — from non-stick frying pans to optical computers — the way to get them is to set them as our research goals rather than hope they will haphazardly emerge out of investment in quite different projects.

Second, government should scrutinise *all* the channels through which public money reaches the military. For instance, defence and health both consume around 10-15 per cent of public spending. But while military research takes 50 per cent of the R and D budget, research related to health amounts, at most, to 3-4 per cent of it. A modest reduction of military R and D of 5 per cent a year would, over the course of a parliament, lower it to something nearer the EEC average. At the same time, funds would be freed for a massive investment in medical, agricultural, social, scientific and civil industrial research to meet Labour's social and economic goals.

HOW COULD such a redirection be achieved? There must be a positive programme of transformation, carrying the scientists, engineers, and technicians along in the process of planning how to use their skills for civil purposes. It could draw on industrial conversion studies — for example for ship-building — by peace research groups.

And, oddly enough, there is at least one model from within the Ministry of Defence already. The Microbiological Research Establishment at Porton Down was part of Britain's chemical and biological warfare research programme for many

years until the signing in 1972 of the Biological and Toxin Weapons Treaty, which resulted in its demilitarisation. It is now a flourishing part of the biotechnology industry (though the revived US and British interest in CB weapons threatens it).

None of this will work unless there is a clear commitment at the centre. Military research is out of control because it is not subject to the political scrutiny and review by other researchers which apply to civil science. Labour politicians need to lose some of their illusions that scientists are politically neutral. They should look at the number of those whose advice they have relied on in the past who are now committed to the Alliance — and the implications of Sir Ronald Mason's scepticism.

But, whatever the position among the elite of scientific managers, there are good grounds for believing that such steps towards demilitarisation would be welcomed by many of the research staff at the MoD establishments. It would lift the burden of the Official Secrets Act from their work; it would bring them back to the mainstream scientific community once more — and most of them would probably prefer to be helping toward the social and economic transformation of the country rather than maintaining it as part of an impoverished and armed encampment. Labour's leadership, if it makes a positive public commitment to bringing military research in from the cold, could be on to a winner. □

Stephen Rose is Professor of Biology at the Open University

YARD BUNGLED IT

FACTS? WHO CARES

The decision by a jury in December to acquit a man who admitted stabbing a detective to death baffled many people, and provoked renewed attacks on the system of jury trial. HARRY CRAWLEY argues that if the media had reported all the evidence given in court, there would have been no controversy

AT THE TIME, the *Sun* reported that it was done with a pitchfork. Even after the trial, after a pathologist had graphically taken us through the 10 kitchen knife wounds, a *Times* headline still insisted that Detective Constable John Fordham had been shot. So it's not surprising that the acquittal of Kenneth Noye, who admitted killing DC Fordham, should have caused an outcry.

Yet the jury who reached this decision after the 15-day trial was overwhelmingly white, middle-aged and steadfastly middle-class. It was guarded by armed police and there were no challenges when they were sworn in.

Watchers in the wood



Nightwatch: Police play a cold waiting game

Picture: MICHAEL FORSTER

THESE two men, faces hidden behind balaclavas and carrying binoculars and a powerful lamp, are police officers playing two night raiders at their own game.

They are spending long, cold nights watching from dense woodland in an area where the raiders have broken into 50 homes in six months, escaping with valuables worth many thousands of pounds.

In the majority of cases the burglars, believed to be carrying knives, have made their getaway across open land or railway tracks under cover of darkness.

Police decided that the only way to stop the raids was to stake out the areas where they were happening around Hadden, Easing and Arley on the Hertfordshire-London border.

Mission

Teams of detectives went to ground in the countryside to combine surveillance with rapid pursuit when the burglars struck.

The Daily Mail spotted two officers on such a mission. Detective Constable Steve Helle, his colleague, and others from the crime unit at Whetstone have spent up to 12 hours a night in bitter cold out in the open, often for hours.

They work with the full support and knowledge of local community groups. One resident walks away from his three dogs every night where two of the policemen were hiding without noticing them.

He said afterwards: 'They

By KIM SENGUPTA

are superb. We all feel safer knowing they are around. In one road alone the burglars made a £25,000 haul and they have struck up to seven times a night in the walled area.

But the police operation is paying off. There has not been a burglary in the area for two weeks.

Now, reinforced with information which cannot be revealed for operational reasons, the investigation is about to expand. Detectives are confident of success.

Assistance

One said yesterday: 'The two burglars are absolute professionals. But on this patch, they realise there is no hiding place for them.'

Information picked up through out of enormous assistance to our inquiries. This is just another aspect of police. We have to adapt ourselves to whatever way the criminals operate.

'Noye, Noye, what's all this then?' Just a couple of friendly bobbies

DC Fordham was killed on 26 January last year in the grounds of Noye's house in Kent. The Yard officially maintained a 'news black-out' from then until Noye, his wife and associate Brian Reader were charged three days later. But the leaks began at once; with the exception of DC Fordham's name and rank, almost all of them provided misleading information.

The Monday after the death the *Star*, *Express* and *Telegraph* had it that Fordham was executing a search warrant at Noye's home. Two Met officers admitted on oath that there was no specific intention to execute a warrant that night. That was never reported.

On the Tuesday the tabloids told us that Fordham had tunnelled his way under a wall into Noye's estate; that he had been discovered dug into his foxhole; that he was savaged by Noye's dogs; that he had no time to use his gun; that he was finished off with a garden fork or pitchfork.

In court we learned that Fordham had been intercepted by the dogs within ten minutes of his first and only trip over the wall; the pathologist's report ruled out any bites; he was unarmed; he had been stabbed with a knife with a 7-centimetre blade.

Fordham was not taking part in a large-scale operation: Detective Chief Superintendent Brian Doyce, the officer in charge, was at home when it all happened; his deputy was at Scotland Yard and three of the six officers on duty outside Noye's home were about to go off duty. And this in the context that Doyce believed that Noye had some or all of the £26 million worth of Brink's-MAT gold bullion buried somewhere on his land and must have known that there were nine legally-held shotguns and pistols in the house.

On the Wednesday, the *Mail* printed the three murder charges, revealed that Fordham had died on a Brink's-MAT inquiry and finally quoted detectives as being 'delighted' with the way the investigation plus raids in the South West were going. The *Express* was more cautious. To avoid

accusations of prejudicing the murder trial it ran the Brink's-MAT story on a separate page.

ONCE THE BRINK'S-MAT robbery was introduced it continued, however obliquely, to colour public perceptions. Days later the *Mirror* and *Express* reported that a helicopter was circling the grounds of the Noye home, Hollywood Cottage, looking for buried bullion.

In February and March the *Mirror* and the *Mail* revealed that millions of pounds worth of Brink's-MAT cash and gold had been traced. In court last week the prosecution admitted that only £100,000 worth of gold had been recovered and that, forensically, it was untraceable to Brink's-MAT or any other source.

The story then died away during the summer but exactly two weeks before the trial opened the *Mail* ran a curious 'exclusive'. One of its staff photographers had, it appeared, been wandering the lanes of Hertfordshire when he had happened on two Met officers in black balaclava helmets with two eye slits and a mouth hole.

The undercover policemen obligingly held the branches apart to give the cameraman a good shot which was duly printed (above). Odd? Not at all, an anonymous detective said, reassuringly: 'This is just another aspect of policing. We have to adapt ourselves to whatever way the criminals operate'. And a local resident who hadn't noticed the police while walking his dog, nonetheless had a sufficiently strong sense of their presence to assure *Mail* readers: 'We all feel safer knowing they are around.'

That introduced terrifying looking police to the public as lovely men who made you feel safe. Two weeks later Noye told the court he had stabbed Fordham because, in his balaclava disguise, he appeared as a frightening intruder.

Yet even when the trial started misinformation still managed to appear in print. The *Express* said that police cars were going to burst through the locked and guarded gates of the estate; a police

video showed that the gates were open. The *Sun* asserted that Fordham was stabbed 'as Scotland Yard closed in on a £26 million gold bullion haul'. What it did not report, four days into the trial, was the claim by Detective Inspector Roland Heming, who had travelled in an ambulance with the unconscious Fordham, that he had reached over and removed Fordham's wallet, presumably with his warrant card and ID card, from his jacket pocket during the trip. He admitted that he had never recorded this act. Nor did the papers report the evidence of the ambulance man 10 days later, that no one could have removed the wallet without his knowing, as he was crouched over Fordham's body giving cardiac massage.

Nor did the *Times*, *Mail* or *Sun* report on the 'professional's' method of dealing with Rottweiler guard dogs. DC Murphy told the court they were armed with 'yeast tablets'.

THE NOT GUILTY verdicts didn't surprise the reporters but they clearly upset the tabloid editors who had invested vast resources in collecting gossip about Noye. The *Sun* alone had four reporters quartering Kent for Noye's alleged mistress. Having read their own reports, editors couldn't accept the verdict. So most of the backgrounders ran as they had been written with the word 'murderer' hastily changed to 'killer'. Hardly a paper reported a word of criticism of police handling of the case, though this was the substance of much of what had happened in court. The *Sun* did call for an inquiry and the *Express* ran a trenchant catalogue of police blunders suggesting they were ill-prepared, poorly backed-up and inadequately led.

But the best reporting and comment came from the London *Standard*. Under the headline 'Badly bungled' it said John Fordham 'could hardly have been more vulnerable if he had been set up as a patsy'. If, as the Yard had insisted all along, they were about to execute the search warrant that night, and raid a 20-acre estate where there were legally held weapons and potentially dangerous dogs and criminals, why had they got only six unarmed Flying Squad officers on duty that night? The rest of the press ignored the issue. If there wasn't a legal search planned, that meant Fordham and Murphy had gone in — under orders or off their own bat — on an illegal 'fishing trip'.

The Yard's management of the press conference caused considerable distaste among reporters. It introduced a distressed Mrs Fordham and her equally red-eyed son John. Though everyone felt and feels deeply for her, and no reporter has a kind word for Kenneth Noye, the general editorial focus on her ensured the spotlight stayed off fundamental questions about the competence and methods of Scotland Yard's top police unit. □

Raisa Gorbachev's Christmas Quiz

Answers to the questions in the introduction to this quiz (p.46, NS 20-27 Dec '85) are: a) borzoi, b) beef Stroganoff; c) USSR, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, E. Germany, Hungary, Poland, Rumania; d) Albania; e) Gary Powers; f) Tbilisi; g) Kiev; h) Balakirev, Borodin, César Cui, Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov; i) Tchaikovsky; j) 100; k) Dostoevsky; l) Tolstoy

NOW THAT the last vestiges of turkey have passed through the intestinal tract, and the arts critics' lists of the best of 1985 are already lining bottom drawers, now is the time when journalists and critics permit themselves the luxury of being Cassandra (or Russell Grant) for a column.

So how hale does radio look at the start of 1986? This is the year, BBC Radio fears, that it will be well and truly Peacocked. Certainly, to free marketeers, Radio 1 seems ripe and juicy for advertising — and surely a claret producer or a computer manufacturer would willingly sponsor a Prom or three? Hive off the popular and prestigious stuff, goes the argument, and the BBC can do the worthy stuff untainted by commercial lucre or ideas. The reality, of course, is that it's precisely the mix which makes public service broadcasting work: the arguments for the licence fee would be even less compelling if we were just forking out for prolix Radio 3 discussions about defence and not also for John Peel.

BBC Radio is understandably fretful about having its voice heard in the debate. It remains the poor relation of television. When the BBC cast aside its demureness in 1985 and set about advertising itself in the newspapers, it devoted all the space to its television, with scarcely a word about radio. And yet BBC Radio costs each listener a paltry 30 pence a week (for all four networks, and local radio) — why wasn't that in the ads?

THIS IS THE YEAR when, once again, the BBC will doubtless be advised to junk its local radio service, even though it eats up a fraction of the total costs for radio — and most of those are the fixed costs of transmitters and local news stringers, which will be needed even without local radio.

It's the year when BBC Radio moves to White City, in spite of the misgivings of many radio executives, who believe that it will lose touch with the 'national culture' seeping through the West End streets, and the casual



Three cheers for good old steam radio

ANNE KARPf

contact exchanged with publishers in pubs. Those of us less convinced that this culture is national doubt whether the move to White City will generate any new, more authentic picture of the nation, or a different kind of engagement with life outside: a BBC bar is a BBC bar is a BBC bar.

1985 was the year that so-called ILR (Independent Local Radio) lost its 'L' and no one seemed to notice — there hadn't been anything terribly local about the Top 40 in the first place.

It was also the year in which the National Broadcasting School, ILR's training school, folded — leaving commercial radio without any joint formal training whatsoever, and still without a solution to its financial problems, with another commercial station (Newport's Gwent) going under and the advertising stretching thinly between ILR, breakfast television, Channel 4, with satellites and cable and perhaps even BBC ads to come.

THE BBC is also feeling the pinch: 'Story

Time', the daily Radio 4 reading which, in spite of its Blue Peterish name, was for adults, was axed, replaced for economy's sake by a repeat of 'Kaleidoscope'. And large staff cuts are planned for the New Year.

But all isn't gloomy on the radio front. Community radio is imminent. Last year the Home Secretary announced a two-year experiment with 21 stations. The community radio lobbyists, who've fought a long and hard campaign, are rightly suspicious, welcoming the opportunity it offers of something different in radio, but seeing it also as the thin edge of the deregulation wedge, another attempt by the Tories to let unrestricted business and commercial interests into broadcasting through the back door. This is vigorously debated in the new issue of *Relay*, the magazine about community radio just relaunched in a lively and well-designed format (subs £3.50 to individuals and £10 to institutions from Unit 57, Omnibus Workspace, 39-41 North Road, London N7 9DP).

There was also some wonderful radio last year. *Woman's Hour* started to lose some of its Home Counties timbre and reflect the realities of the 1980s.

I can think of three stimulating programmes in the past month alone, which used the medium marvellously: 'All Night Long' (Radio 4), a young black man's joyous and self-mocking account of a good night out at the disco, without a hint of a black-people-as-problems approach; 'Gertrude Stein and a Companion' (Radio 3), a glorious radio production of Win Wells's beautifully-constructed play about the relationship between Stein and Alice B. Toklas.

And John Wells and Carl Davies's musical version on 'Alice in Wonderland' and 'Through the Looking-Glass' (Radio 4), produced by Ian Cotterall, stunningly imaginative and quite simply the best Alice I've ever encountered.

In short, radio in 1986 — like radio in 1985 — needs to be championed and challenged. □



DIARY

Alison Hennegan

Cambridge

However deftly I shuffle and reshuffle this month's crop of Final Demands and letters beginning 'Re the above account, we are sorry to see ...' and ending 'Therefore, unless the outstanding amount is paid in full within the next seven days, regretfully ...', the result remains the same: Doom. Eleven into ten won't, as we used to say at school, go. Or, more precisely, £900 owed won't go into £500 promised. With credit long ago exhausted and creditors' patience expiring fast, I cast around for realisable assets but, in moody desperation, admit once more that all were realised long ago.

Seeking temporary respite from reality, I turn to the *Times Literary Supplement* and there find it in my heart to spare a moment's pity for another poor beleaguered sod. O luckless Gary Taylor, who offers an undeserving world a whole new poem by Shakespeare and is savaged for it. And lucky old Oxford University Press which gains a scoop just in time to help advance sales of its new, forthcoming one volume edition. There's money in manuscripts. And ascriptions. And inscriptions.

And inscriptions . . . Now there's a thought, even without checking, I'm confident my library boasts no unexamined 17th century manuscripts, but somewhere, surely, in these 8,000-odd volumes must be saleable, relinquishable signatures. A quick forage through the piles closest to hand yields an endearing harvest. Guy Burgess has written his name, twice, in his two-volume edition of *The Red and The Black*. To J. M. Edmonds, editor and translator of Sappho, Compton Mackenzie has written an appreciative thank you in a presentation copy of *Extraordinary Women*, his ideologically unsound but guiltily enjoyable roman à clef about Anacapi's literary lesbian exiles. (Come to think of it, he even wrote an appreciative thank you to me, once, if I can dig it out.) And here, in this copy of Ovid's *Fasti*, is a plaintive note, dated 1864 and written by an anonymous schoolboy to his Shrewsbury housemaster: 'I am sorry but I have had to have this book rebound because the rats in my locker ate the old one'. My copy of the third edition of Edward Carpenter's *Ioläus: An Anthology of Friendship*, a gay male underground classic, is dedicated to 'Cecil: New Year 1917. Then . . . beholding him, loved him. St Mark 10.v.21.'

There's a whole glossy David Puttnam film tucked away in that one: 1917, the Great War, love growing first tremulously then undeniably between the passionate but pure young Second Lieutenant and his outwardly rough but spiritually refined young ranker. The nobility of their souls is matched only by the perfection of their profiles. The Somme lies behind them, Arras and Passchendaele lie ahead. Will they come through? Can I run the Bookclub, write *New Statesman* diaries and do the screenplay? Could I find a producer? And should I copyright the idea now?

It's a pleasing collection of autographs and very nice to have but not, I think, the answer to my present financial difficulties. Gloom sets solid. So much so that when the *New Statesman* asked if I could possibly, for a consideration, attempt a light but pungent analysis of Jeffrey Archer's oeuvre, I actually considered it seriously for a full 36 hours before saying no. I see from the last issue they got Dante instead.

I even go to the length of buying three of his books (a distressing experience both for me and the shop assistant who worked so hard to keep the curl out of his upper lip but didn't quite manage it). Then I read them. Attentively. Here, after all, is someone who has made writing pay. This is the man who said he didn't care whether his books were good, he just wanted them to be bestsellers. A bit like his new Mistress's theory of politics, really: don't worry about whether you govern well, just make sure the electorate buys it. And, like Archer, she sells well, too: up the river, down the drain, pigs in pokes and old grannies for a bent fiver.

ROGER WODDIS

A Senior Clerk's Love-song

According to researchers from Strathclyde Business School, declining productivity could be the result of office romances

Miss J. Hunter Dunn, Miss J. Hunter Dunn,
Weakened and fecund by overtime fun,
What peaks we achieved on the office settee,
I your superior — you beneath me!

The letters were waiting, the boss beyond call,
The graph of our output dipped low on the wall,
My sweet, more to me than the Westland affair
Was the touch of your lips and the scent of
your hair.

We had no concern for the rest of the staff,
And mention of Maggie was good for a laugh.
Our figures were down when I loosened my
tie,
But they were way up when you unzipped my
fly.

Miss Joan Hunter Dunn, Miss Joan Hunter
Dunn,
Who cares if production descends with the
sun?
Oh! Heseltine's hustle! Oh! Brittan's last stand!
Oh! softly adorable office-girl's hand!

Around us were files and computers galore
(Thank God forward-planning meant locking
the door!),
And there coming good was the girl of my
choice,
With the thrust of her bust and the lust in my
voice.

And the people laid off, and the firm in the
red,
Meant less than the sight of my girl giving
head.

We screwed in the office till twenty to one,
And now I'm shackled up with Miss Joan
Hunter Dunn.



And might yet more unite them? Could it be, I pondered, that just as Elizabeth I attained to more than human glory through the swelling cadences of her great, but subject, writers, so too our own Great Margaret, our own already far from mute Ingloriana, awaits apotheosis via the honied conceits of Mr Archer's prose?

Well, 'No' is probably the short answer. But what a world is there! Such fascinating ambivalences about power, money, class and loyalty, and a particularly tortured attitude towards America which mirrors perfectly Thatcher's own dangerous confusions. The novels constitute a gigantic triple bluff which begins with a post-Imperial Britain's warm-hearted, if rueful, recognition that America is now Top. Out-manoeuvred in every way, sensible Britons know that nothing remains but to roll over and offer their tummies for tickling. On a second, explicit, level, British and European characters communicate, like adults over the heads of children, their lofty if affectionate disdain for American naivety, crudity and brashness. But on the third and last level is an implicit if covert recognition that Might is Right and America has it.

On a less elevated (?) level, the novels act as Conduct Books for the ambitious and upwardly mobile. Names — of institutions, wines, shops, commodities — which should tell their own story, are here invariably given a three-line gloss. No danger now that you'll ever again confuse the Athenaeum with the Institute of Contemporary Arts, put a definite article in front of Albany, order the wrong wine or write 'Magdalene College, Oxford'. Thoughtfully contained within parentheses are re-usable, if irrelevant, after-dinner stories, sources properly credited. And, for the thoroughly superior who don't really need to be reading this sort of book, there's the pleasure of recognising what you know and Mr Archer knows, although the plebs probably don't: that H.H. Munro was also 'Saki', for example. A veritable treasure chest of helpful hints to save the socially aspiring from putting their feet in anything tacky on their way up the ladder.

Damn. Perhaps I could have managed that article after all. And then I could have paid the gas bill.



JOHN PAUL II READS THE RIOT ACT

T. M. PASCA reports on the barely concealed divisions in the Catholic Church at the Extraordinary Synod, over celibacy in Africa and Liberation Theology in Latin America

Vatican City

AT A PRESS conference in November, held before the start of the recent two week Extraordinary Synod of Roman Catholic bishops in Rome, the Belgian Cardinal Godfried Danneels said that there were now three churches within Catholicism — the Church in advanced industrial countries; the Church under siege in Eastern Europe; and the Church of the Third World.

It was surprising to hear this division so clearly identified in public in Rome by a leading member of the hierarchy. For it pointed directly to the division and transformation that is taking place within Catholicism today — which is why the Synod had been called in the first place. Rome does not usually admit to any break in the unity of the Church.

Privately, however, Rome is consumed by the subject. Pope John Paul II and the majority of the Curia in Rome warn — in the words of *Relatio Finalis*, the Synod's summary document — that 'pluralism of fundamentally opposed positions . . . leads to dissolution, destruction and loss of identity' of Catholicism as a single universal faith. They see the hand of the 'prince of this world' at work.

In the Vatican view, the 'fundamentally opposed positions' are represented by rampant secularism and excessive personal freedom in Western democracies, especially in North America, and by the heathenism that is perceived as a latent and powerful force in the Third World. It concludes that only in Eastern Europe can the Church, commanded not by coincidence by a Polish pope, rely fully on being listened to with the respect and obedience to which it has been accustomed over the centuries.

The Synod at the end of last year was called by the Pope to 'celebrate' the Second Vatican Council, which 20 years ago encouraged Catholics to embrace change without fear. Pope John XXIII, who initiated it, and Pope Paul VI, who carried it through, feared that Catholicism was withering because the Church itself was stagnant. Vatican II is now such a part of Church history and enjoys such widespread popularity that all sides at the Synod had still to sing its praises. But its texts, like the Bible itself, can easily be quoted against the spirit they originally represented.

The Vatican has begun to use Vatican II as a justification for its policy of reaction, while the progressive elements within the Church still use it as a defence for their views. *Relatio Finalis* contained a reflection of both positions, but the document as a whole leaned heavily in the Vatican's direction. Also, in order to avoid too open a show of their fundamental disunity, the bishops voted 'almost unanimous' approval of a 'universal Catholic catechism', aimed at fortifying doctrinal orthodoxy.

But they had little choice in the matter for, as everyone knew, the catechism had been in preparation in Rome for five years, was complete, had been approved by the Pope and was ready to be issued. When questioned at the final press conference on whether the catechism was not in flat contradiction to Vatican II's 'New Canon Law', which gave authority to national Churches to issue such basic doctrinal texts, Archbishop Jan Schotte, the Synod's secretary

Camera Press

general, chose to describe it as 'fundamental guidance' for national Churches.

THE SYNOD itself had no power; it was purely consultative. Power, it was constantly emphasised, belongs to the Pope. The idea of collegiality, or the freedom of national Churches to take decisions — major departures of Vatican II — were systematically downgraded by the Vatican throughout the Synod. Since many bishops, however, no longer think along traditional lines, the question of the pope's authority and powers is increasingly a formal one. In order to circumvent it, it must above all not be questioned. As one African bishop said outside the Synod: 'When I am back in my diocese I do as I please'.

In making their allotted eight minute 'interventions', few of the 165 bishops were able to speak the Church's official language — Latin. Most of those who tried are reported to have done so badly, with the exception of the East Europeans. The largest number of bishops spoke in English, followed by Italian and French.

The Pope is said to have listened in silence throughout every session. Interventions during the first week were frank and open, but by the

'... suspicious implications, such as doing away with clerical celibacy'

second week — when the bishops were formed into language groups — the collective statements became distinctly more conservative in tone. A few liberal concerns, such as the role of women in the Church, survived in the statements of the English language group. Bishop James Malone, president of the US Conference of Bishops, was one of the more outspoken progressives; while Cardinal Basil Hume, head of the Church in England and Wales as well as of the European Conference of Bishops, appeared to work more quietly behind the scenes.

The German and French national episcopates remained the most conservative. The Asians expressed their closeness to and respect for the great religions of the East. The Africans spoke of the need for greater 'inculturation' — a term which for the Vatican had wide and suspicious implications, such as doing away with clerical celibacy. One African bishop was reported to have pointed to another, saying: 'He is the son of a Chief who had 40 wives. And [looking at the Pope] what does *he* have? Nothing. No one.'

Within the Vatican it is known that many African priests, and several bishops, are married or live with women and have children. But, since there is little or nothing that it can do about it, Rome chooses to look the other way. Now, however, the Africans are calling for an African Synod, an idea that the Vatican is discouraging since it wants to avoid open confrontation on issues such as this in societies where unmarried men who pretend to authority are at a disadvantage.

The issue of liberation theology in Latin America came closest to bringing the divisions within the Church out into the open. During a meeting of the College of Cardinals before the Synod, 15 conservative Latin American cardinals signed a letter of support for the

Vatican's efforts against the movement. The existence of this letter was at first denied, but its text was published a week later in the Spanish edition of the Vatican newspaper *L'Osservatore Romano*.

There followed a written intervention, addressed to the Pope by Bishop José Lorscheiter, head of the Brazilian episcopate. This went far beyond a simple defence of liberation theology. It directly challenged the Vatican's 'Instruction on Certain Aspects of the "Theology of Liberation"', issued last year by Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger in his capacity as head of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith.

The Brazilian bishop's own summary of his statement said that liberation theology was:

not the product of a few isolated and more audacious theologians, but the fruit of the totality of the Latin American Church's life.

Clearly countering Cardinal Ratzinger, the bishop argued:

Against false interpretations it must be clarified that Liberation Theology is not a theology of violence or one that pushes towards violence. It is not a theology that assumes or justifies Marxist ideology. Nor does it apply European political theology to Latin America. Nor does it break with Catholic theological tradition.

The statement concluded:

Liberation Theology is indispensable to the Church's activity and to the social commitment of Christians, even if it carries with it risks, such as those recently indicated by the 'Instruction' ... risks that need to be faced, seriously and responsibly.

It was a particularly bold declaration, because it is known that the Vatican is soon to issue another statement on liberation theology, this time to be signed by Pope John Paul II himself.

AN EVEN MORE direct challenge to the Vatican was contained in an interview given to the American National Public Radio network by Bishop Francis Xavier Sudartanto of Indonesia.

'We ask', the bishop said, 'to live our Christianity in a way that is more Asiatic and less European'. How did he feel about birth control? 'The use of contraceptives should not disturb the conscience.' What chance was there that the Pope might one day modify his position on this issue? 'I really don't think so. He will never modify his thinking on that.'

When it was over, a reporter asked Cardinal Danneels to comment again in the light of his statement before the Synod began. Which of the three current Churches within Roman Catholicism had made its point of view felt most effectively?

'In this Synod', he replied, 'the countries of Eastern Europe had a new weight and importance. ... In the East, the love of the Church is much stronger. There the Church is much more accepted.' The bishops from the 'Church of Silence' had really not said very much on the Synod floor; they did not have to.

And what of the Third World, which accounts for well over half of the estimated 825 million Catholics in the world? 'An African bishop told me', said the Cardinal, 'that his problem is not religious liberty, but the difficulty of explaining why Christ is not black'.

T. M. Pasca is an American journalist living in Rome, who writes for The Nation in New York.

SOUTH AFRICA

'WE'RE NOT FIGHTING A JUST WAR'

TIM JARVIS reports signs of reluctance among white army conscripts

WHEN ALAN DODSON, a 25 year-old articled clerk, was ordered to go on army patrol in one of Durban's black townships last year he refused. A court martial found him guilty of disobeying the command of a superior officer and he was fined R600 (£250).

Dodson's conflict of conscience is indicative of a growing fear among young, white South African men regarding their role in the current internal crisis. Their fear is both for the principle at stake and for their own safety; on 14 October Corporal Johan Schoeman, aged 19, became the first soldier to die since troops have occupied the townships. He was stabbed to death in the black township of Kwazekhle in the Eastern Cape.

The conscripted army has increasingly been used in the townships since October 1984 when army units joined the police in patrolling Soweto. This was followed a couple of weeks later by Operation Palmiet. 7,000 soldiers sealed off the Transvaal township of Sebokeng, carrying out house-to-house searches and making at least 350 arrests. It represented a strategic shift away from a reliance on the police force alone to 'maintain law and order'. Sinister eye-witness accounts include army units firing teargas into a childcare centre in the Eastern Cape and, in another township, systematically smashing house windows during night patrol.

While the government plays down the violent clashes, calling them 'incidents of unrest' and, in the words of a riot police chief, 'the usual Sunday sports' in the townships, the End Conscription Campaign (ECC) believes that the state is conducting a civil war. Launched in 1984, around the time when the army was first deployed in black townships, ECC is an umbrella body representing over 50 organisations including churches, women's groups such as Black Sash, student committees and youth groups. It attempts to heighten public awareness of militarisation but unlike many other campaigning organisations its target audience is specifically white because of the nature of military conscription into the army.

By law all white males must register for national service. Most of the 58,000 young men who are called up each year embark on their initial two-year period after leaving school — some as young as 17 years old and many never having stayed away from home before. Others may have their call-up postponed if they go to university. But the vast majority face a choice between serving in the army (which includes the prospect of regular month-long army 'camps' up to the age of 57) or refusing. Refusal means six years imprisonment or self-imposed exile from

South Africa. There are, at present, around 7,000 'draft-dodgers' living in Europe alone.

There is one other alternative — conscientious objection. Few qualify for this, though, as applicants must prove both a religious background and an unwillingness to fight or take up arms in *any* situation.

ECC argues that conscription is crucial in enabling the government to enforce apartheid. Army contingents have been used, for instance, in the forced removal of black people from Magopa village to nominally independent homelands in 1983 and in the enforcement of pass laws.

In army training Nationalism (hence apartheid) is taught as a *modus operandum*. Accounts of racism within the army are well documented and training encourages a 'them' and 'us' mentality. Following the Uitenhage shootings in March 1985 Deputy Minister of Law and Order/Defence, Adriaan Vlok, referred on television to the (black) people of the Eastern Cape as 'the enemy'. President P. W. Botha has stated 'Our education system must prepare us for war'.

ACCORDING TO South African law, ECC cannot directly influence conscripts or 'encourage, assist or cause any person to fail to render military service' (Defence Act 1957).

However, they *can* campaign more generally. Through public meetings and literature ECC tries to convey an unambiguous message; that militarisation has become a hallmark of the society and acceptance of state authority has been the cornerstone of white minority rule.

'It is not the individual soldier we see as evil', emphasises Laurie Nathan, ECC's national coordinator, 'but when they put on that uniform and go into those townships they are made to defend a system which is internationally regarded as a crime against humanity.'

Nevertheless, the ECC's willingness to challenge the state's dictates has led to a heavy clampdown recently. During its 'Troops Out of the Townships' campaign four members were detained for interrogation under the notorious Section 29 of the Internal Security Act and other members had their houses searched in dawn raids.

On 28 October, Cape Town committee member Dr Ivan Toms was arrested. He has just completed a three week total fast 'for a Just Peace' and 'in solidarity with those suffering at the hands of the army in the townships'. A conscientious objector and outspoken critic of compulsory conscription Toms is a founding doctor at the Sacla primary health care clinic in the sprawling Crossroads squatter camp outside Cape Town. Through his work with dispossessed black people, many of whom come from the barren Transkei homeland, he has witnessed the harshness of black life.

He has completed two years national service as a non-combatant but is still liable for a series of month-long army camps. However, during the forced removal of squatters from Crossroads in 1983 he became convinced that he would never serve in the army again. 'The key point for me came in September '83', he explains. 'Squatters around the clinic had their shacks ripped down and bulldozed away and I learnt at first hand of the viciousness of apartheid'.

Toms expects to be called up for a camp next year which he will refuse to do, anticipating three

years imprisonment. Although a devout Christian he would not have grounds for exemption as a conscientious objector because he does not necessarily regard himself as a pacifist. 'I'm not willing to kill anybody but would be willing to serve as a non-combatant in a force fighting a just war. As far as I'm concerned the army is not fighting a just war.'

For ECC, on whose behalf Toms has campaigned, there is a difficult struggle ahead: its members expect continuing arrests and the banning of public meetings. Support for the campaign has intensified, both in South Africa and abroad although combatting the firmly entrenched conservative dogma in the white community remains a major obstacle. The attention of the security police remains a constant threat, for the ECC is challenging apartheid within the community to which the government looks for its most solid support. □

FROST IN SPACE

STIFLING STAR WARS

FELIX PIRANI proposes a United Nations peace-keeping satellite force

AT GENEVA last year, President Reagan and General Secretary Gorbachev agreed to 'accelerate the work' of negotiation over nuclear weapons on the ground and in space. Negotiations about space are stalled over the issue of Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), but the way might be cleared if a UN peace-keeping satellite force were to be established.

The idea of a UN satellite force is not a new one — an International Satellite Monitoring Agency was proposed to the UN General Assembly by France in 1978, but after a few years study, nothing was done about it. Recent technical developments, which have been used to justify SDI research, can equally well be used as arguments for an international system of surveillance satellites.

For peace-keeping purposes, satellites may be divided into two categories: passive satellites, which are confined to information gathering, and active satellites, with a potentially destructive capability.

Passive satellites can contribute to international stability by providing reassurance that arms control agreements are being complied with and that no threatening movements of military personnel or equipment are taking place. Active satellites would have contrary effects. It is believed that all the satellites in orbit at present are passive, but if SDI were ever to be deployed then large numbers of active satellites would be orbited.

Satellite capabilities are now very well developed. At present both the United States and the Soviet Union use passive satellites for a wide variety of purposes, including communication,

navigation, mapmaking and weather prediction. Among the more military objectives of passive satellites are photography of defence installations, monitoring radar and detection of missile firings.

Satellite-borne cameras may be presumed able to distinguish objects a few centimetres across. There are sophisticated reconnaissance satellites with visible, ultraviolet and infra-red cameras which can transmit pictures as they take them, or record on recoverable film.

Some satellites are equipped to detect radiation from nuclear explosions; they could be used to check compliance with the Partial Test Ban Treaty.

With present technology, a passive satellite carrying a gamma-ray spectrometer could trail another satellite in order to determine whether it was carrying a nuclear weapon, an action which would contravene existing treaties.

If SDI deployment ever took place, active satellites intended to destroy missiles would probably be orbited. The desirable situation would be one in which there were no active satellites abroad in space except those of the UN body. An International Satellite Monitoring Agency could work towards this. It could also supply surveillance information to any UN member state, enforce Rules of the Road in Space, and carry out close inspections — and if necessary demolition — of unauthorised and possibly active satellites.

Sample rules were suggested recently in a document prepared by the US Congressional Office of Technology Assessment. Keep-out zones of 100 to 500 km are suggested around existing passive satellites to keep them safe, although at some altitudes zones would have to be smaller, because of the large numbers of satellites already in orbit. Orbits would be oriented so that satellites of one country could not trail those of another.

Establishment of a UN satellite force would help the disarmament process by offering business to the military industries, possibly diverting the momentum which is building up for SDI. It might also offer a realistic way to carry out President Reagan's suggestion that Western high technology be shared with the Soviet Union.

Now that the Geneva talks are moving again, the proposal deserves to be brought back to life. □

This England

E3 Book Tokens for entries printed. (On postcards please!)

□ Heritage Restoration, an antique shop in Great Missenden, found a dead bee in their window, stuck it to a label — and sold it. They found another bee, doubled the price, and sold that right away too. Now no up-market party in the area is quite perfect without the perfectly positioned dead bee. . . — *Daily Mail* (George Moor)

□ A burly robber burst into tears when building society staff refused to hand over cash yesterday. Cashiers made him a cup of coffee before he left the Halifax Building Society office in Fishponds, Bristol, empty-handed. Police were still searching last night for the red-eyed robber. — *Eastern Daily Press* (Mrs F. Donovan)

LETTERS

Not that world conspiracy myth!

Andrew Casey, London N6

Shame on you. I am amazed that Claudia Wright's throw-away line asserting that young American Jews have been recruited to infiltrate the US intelligence agencies was allowed to run in the *New Statesman* (13 December).

The fact that one American Jew has been charged with spying for Israel is not enough proof to suggest that masses of young American Jews are now wandering around the corridors of the American intelligence establishment leaking documents to Tel Aviv.

Ms Wright was allowed to rely on subconscious 'hints' that the old — once discredited — mythology of an international Jewish conspiracy was actually true and at work. Too many people — without waiting for any evidence — are prepared to accept with a wink and a nod that all Jews are automatically disloyal to the country of their birth when it comes to the question of Israel.

Your introduction says Claudia Wright's coverage of this case has caused a stir in the US and Israel. I'm not surprised. Had she written in a similar vein about young Irish-Americans being recruited to infiltrate the American intelligence agency, or that young Japanese-Americans were doing a similar job for the Japanese military-industrial complex, or any other American ethnic group — and then not provided one ounce of proof — your left-liberal readers would correctly have laughed her out of court as a racist.

Expand, expand, expand

Hilary Wainwright, Socialist Society, London W1

Far from being 'secret Thatcherites', (Jon Shields, Letters 13 December) left critics of Keynes can declare themselves openly to be the new expansionists.

For the argument between Keynesians like Jon Shields and Peter Kellner and socialists like Robin Murray and others is not about *whether* to increase public spending but about *how* to increase it, where to spend it and under whose control.

A programme for intervening in the details of wealth production and control is not a recipe for delay, 'forcing three million people to languish on the dole'. On the contrary, practical plans and campaigns for preserving and creating useful work and expanded services are a way of starting now, not waiting for the

general election, to build up a massive new pressure for expansion. By starting from the daily detail of people's needs such plans and campaigns create a convincing picture of how that expansion could work in the majority of people's interests.

When the talk is of general increases in spending, many people are rightly sceptical as to whether it will ever benefit them. It has not always done so in the past. And there are new factors (for instance the impact of computer-based technology on employment) which make it less likely to benefit them in the present if the organisation of production is left unchanged. The Keynesian concern only with general, macro-economic variables also shows a certain contempt for the unemployed; it assumes they are not interested in the *kind* of jobs that the new spending will create.

In addition, a strategy built on detailed proposals for socially useful production far from 'confusing and alienating potential supporters' could have a powerful emotional impact. For it can counter Thatcher's 'common sense' imagery of balancing the household budget with a social morality of matching unmet needs with wasted resources, internationally and nationally — a morality which clearly strikes a chord (cf Band Aid and Faith in the City) for which few politicians seem to have an ear.

For all these reasons it is important to be able to debate *different* strategies for expansion and make explicit the assumptions they make about the production of wealth itself.

Don't police immigrants

Ann Dummett, The Runnymede Trust, London NW1

Your powerful criticisms of the Public Order Bill (NS 6 December) include a suggestion that a Ministry of Justice should be established to take responsibility for legislation which regulates the relationship between the citizen and the State. Many will agree with you that it is inappropriate for the Home Office, with its 'ethos of custody and restriction', to be responsible for citizens' rights. But I am surprised that you accept the idea that the immigration service naturally belongs, with prisons and the police, in a department where this 'ethos' is so strong.

There is nothing natural or inevitable about placing the responsibility for either immigration policy in general or the administration of that policy with the Home Office. Arguably, it would be better placed in a department dealing with employment, or

tourism, or could be given a department of its own, which would take account of all the other relevant factors: emigration and its effects; relations with the European Community and the Commonwealth; industry and trade; policy on overseas students and trainees. If such a plan sounds odd, this is only because we have become conditioned over the years to thinking of any entrant from outside as a person potentially in need of policing. The road to the police state which you mention, is built not only by governments' actions but by the public acceptance of those actions *and* of the thinking behind them.

Labour slips up in Scotland

Anthony Kerr, Jedburgh, Scotland

Your 'Council Scoreboard' for November omits two significant Scottish results. On 7 November (I think), the Alliance captured a safe Tory ward in Dundee. Labour was forced into third place. The SNP, though remaining fourth, doubled its vote and share of the poll. On 28 November the SNP obtained 47.7 per cent of the poll in the Teviotdale ward of Roxburgh District, which it had never contested before. The result itself is in dispute, as a polling place was closed for about 20 minutes when it should have been open.

Several more by-elections are pending, in Livingston, in and near Motherwell, in Fife, in Dundee and again in Roxburgh District (Liddesdale). Between them they should provide a clearer indication of the way support for the SNP and the Alliance in particular is developing.

My impression is that the SNP has largely re-established itself as the serious alternative to Labour in hard-core industrial areas. Its performance in Tory areas depends on local conditions. The Alliance can still do well in traditional Tory territory, but is slipping back in its own strongholds as well as in Labour's Central Belt.

The Tories are on the run almost everywhere and increasingly divided by issues such as Gartcosh, rates and the run-down of the social services. Labour seems unable to exploit the situation, partly because the interests of the Scottish and English working class do not always coincide — a party third to the *British* trade union movement must look to the good of a majority of trade union members and cannot fight very hard for Scottish jobs if this increases the threat to a larger number of jobs in England. Maggie knows how to divide and rule, even if it means dividing her own party as well, in places where she can afford to lose.



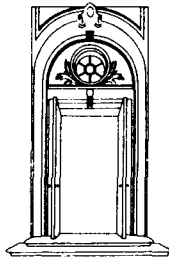
LOUD AND CLEAR

Eight Fleet Street journalists, all African specialists, went on a paid-for trip to Washington to feel the full blast of the US foreign policy propaganda machine. DENIS HERBSTEIN, who writes on Africa for the New Statesman, took part in the study programme: 'American Foreign Policy Towards Africa — Goals of the Second Reagan Administration'

I HAD NEVER worked in the US before, and three holidays had left a kaleidoscope of violent cities, deracinating hurricanes and endless cloudless days; of unfinished steaks and bulging doggy bags; of right-wing zanies and no left wing to speak of, unless you counted Ted Kennedy; too much and too awful television, but 'OK people' all the same. A simplistic view which needed to be filled out.

The propaganda wouldn't be heavy-handed, Soviet-style, a blond under the eiderdown and a bug in the telephone. Here the switchboard actually spoke to you: 'Thank you for using AT & T,' it intoned, as if we had any choice. Nor would it be obsessive with secrecy and sherry parties, embarrassedly restrained like the British Council. It would be more subtle, open-hearted, a 'hiyaw! to our Anglo-Saxon brothers'. But with serious intent.

The packaging was a Big Mac with all the trimmings — three-week round trip on Pan-Am, free travel in the US, \$100 *per diem* for hotel and food (just enough), \$150 'cultural allowance', most of which was blown on *Porgy and Bess* at the Metropolitan Opera House, and an excess baggage allowance for the flight home. All tied up with a brace of escorts/minders. One of them, Lonnie, proclaimed early on that 'I do PR for the



Visitor Program Service of Meridian House International

1776 Massachusetts Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036-1988
Telephone (202) 822-8688

Richard K. Fox, Jr., Executive Director

Dear Mr. Herbstein,

Welcome to Washington! We hope you are not too fatigued by your flight and we look forward to greeting you personally at 9:30 a.m. in the Fifth Floor Conference Room at our building at the above address. Transportation will be provided from your hotel; please be in the lobby of the Highland Hotel at 9:15 a.m. United States Information Service program when we meet, as well as your stay there will be

United States Information Service

Africa Regional Services
Embassy of the United States of America
11, rue de Lourmel
75015 Paris
Tel. 579.51.73

July 26, 1985



We as
Dear Mr. Herbstein, *Denis*

It is a pleasure for me to be able to invite you to visit the United States of America, as a guest of the U.S. Government, to participate in a small Group Project entitled "U.S. Foreign Policy Towards Africa — Goals of the Second Reagan Administration," that will take place from November 12 to November 27, 1985. This invitation is being extended under the International Visitor Program of the U.S. Information Agency to British journalists covering Africa. A preliminary project outline is attached and I would welcome your comments on any aspect of the program.

- As a guest of the government you will be provided with:
- Round-trip economy jet transportation;
 - Dollars 70.00 international travel allowance en route to and returning from the U.S.;
 - Dollars 100.00 a day to cover meals and hotels;
 - Dollars 150.00 cultural allowance;
 - 22 pounds excess baggage for the return trip;
 - Transportation costs for your U.S. domestic travel.

Kindly let me know as soon as possible if you are able to accept this invitation and if you wish to take advantage of the option of remaining in the U.S. for a third week (or less, if you so desire) of individual programming (November 28 - December 4, 1985).

Since this project will be funded under USIA's 1986 Fiscal Year allocation, which is only available after October 1, I have asked Mr. James Menard, Director, Regional Projects Office, USIS, American Embassy, London, to meet with you during October to discuss the administrative aspects of your visit (visas, tickets, etc.). Kindly call him (499-9000 x 2652) for an appointment at your convenience.

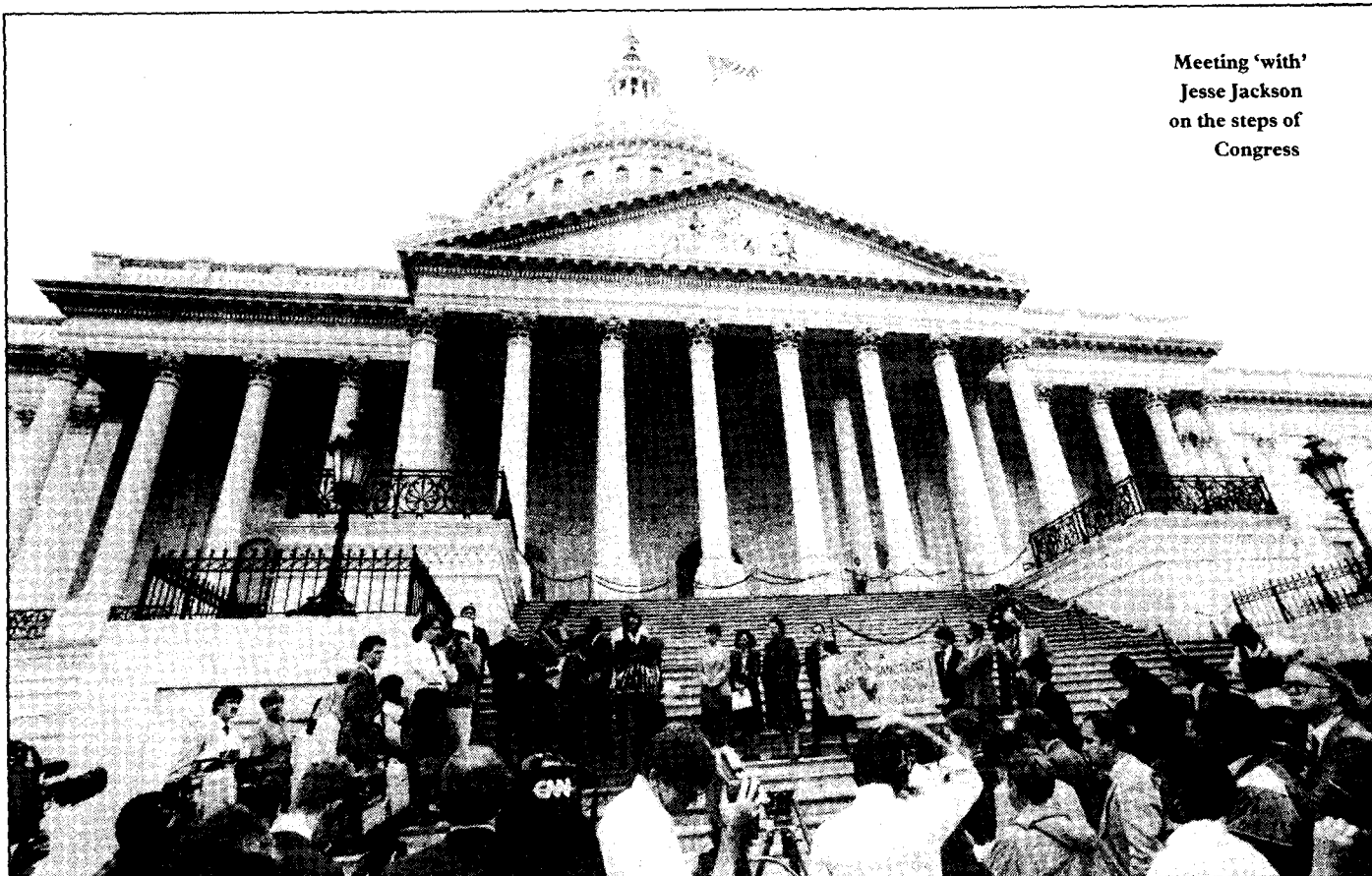
May I personally wish you an enjoyable and rewarding visit.

US', but claimed it was for the country and decidedly not for the government of the day.

'Some visitors see us as capitalist pigs for our policies in Nicaragua and there are Africans who think they will be killed walking the streets of New York. We give them a chance to find out and most of the time they are disabused of their preconceptions. But if somebody wants to see a slum, we'll get him there.' Lonnie's previous assignment was a month-long 'one-to-one' with the Queen of Lesotho.

These visits began after the last war, when future leaders of vanquished Germany and Japan were invited to view a real democracy. At the headquarters of Visitor Program Service, which organises the tours, Jim Hancock flattered: 'We're excited by you as a group... you've challenged us... we set up new structures for you, but they fell down...' (Was that the Assistant Secretary of State for Africa, Chester Crocker, refusing to see us?)

And so to work. Past the curiously soft-sell



Meeting 'with'
Jesse Jackson
on the steps of
Congress

hoarding, 'If you smoke, please try Carlton', to 'State' (the State Department).

The 21st Street entrance has a canopy running out to the pavement in the mode of a Paris brasserie. The entrance hall is dominated by a mural, of war and labour, smacking of 1930s socialist realism.

TWO EVENTS in Africa have brought that continent onto the American television screens: the killer drought in the north and the killer policemen in the south.

I can't remember whether our interview with Mark Edelman, African head of the Agency for International Development (USAID), was 'off the record', 'unattributable', 'deep throat' or simply 'never happened', but what he said seemed predictable enough. Littered with supply-side trickle-down economics, 'basket cases' and Sudan's 130 per cent debt service ratio, the pipe-smoking Jerry Lewis look-alike chattered on till we moved into the messier area of tied aid and Ethiopia, where we got a bit bogged down.

To the Heritage Foundation. Now this *was* important, for Ronald Reagan believes unflinchingly in what they say there. In the opening rounds at Geneva, Gorbachev complained of its influence over American policy. The Heritage is across the road from Congress, on which it concentrates its hard-right-wing lobby.

I'm not one for guilt by association, but just take a look at the Foundation's tenants — Free the Eagle; Committee for a Free Afghanistan; Christian Voice Moral Government Foundation; L. E. Lehrman

and Co. (anti-commie lobbyist fighting the good fight in Angola, Cambodia, Nicaragua).

Jeff Gayner, Counsellor for International Affairs, tells us Heritage is a think tank, and circulates among us studies on Angola, Mozambique and an article entitled 'Heart of Darkness'. After a skim through, Michael Holman of the *Financial Times* asks why there is no mention of South Africa's role in supporting anti-government rebels. Gayner, unblinking: 'We do not profess to do exhaustive studies.' Rejoins the *FT*, tones measured: 'If I get papers from the Institute of Strategic Studies in London, I can quote from them with confidence. But I do not have the same faith in Heritage Foundation material.' Still no blink from Jeff.

I ask, for the first but not the last time, why Heritage and the Government do not talk to the African National Congress. The answer — because they are engaged in an armed struggle. 'Would this government have refused to talk to George Washington because he went to war with George III?', Gayner: 'If I recall, Britain wasn't a democracy.'

THE NEXT MORNING, having breakfasted on grits and two eggs sunnyside-up, under my arm not the 'Watergate' *Washington Post*, but the *Washington Times*, which Reagan reads, and which sometimes carries four articles a day on southern Africa preaching a line inspired by President Botha (the *Times* is owned by the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, Korean moonie-

man money-maker), I make warily for our mini-bus. The wrong one and you spend the day on the wrong treadmill, at a conference of heart physicians, or social workers or Jewish federalists, all of whom, perfectly lapel-labelled, were staying at our group-reduced-tariff hotel.

Across the river to the Pentagon. Again, the deepness of the attribution is uncertain, so let's call him 'Dr Strangelove'.

Gadafy's head is pinned on a wall map of Africa, while the UNITA man in Washington has left his business card lodged more respectably on the felt noticeboard. 'We have no more than 350 military personnel in Africa. The Russians and their surrogates have tens of thousands of fighting men. We give no assistance to South Africa, save for some coastguards over here on search-and-rescue training.'

The current 'great debate' in Washington is whether to arm Jonas Savimbi's UNITA rebels fighting to overthrow the government of Angola. An 85-year-old Florida Congressman named Claude Pepper who has never before entered the heart of darkness, but finding himself dependent on the Cuban exile vote, has launched a Bill seeking 27 million dollars of 'humanitarian' aid for Savimbi. But the intelligence community (Pentagon, CIA, National Security Council), not surprisingly perturbed that the matter should be aired publicly, prefers covert military aid.

We ask Strangelove, why arms now? 'Because in the last two years the Russians have fed in \$2 billion, maybe \$3 billion of the hard stuff to the Luanda government.'

The figure is the work of the CIA, or, in the coy verbiage of the Pentagon man, 'the people who are involved in covert assistance'.

The CIA has become the catchword for America's misdemeanours around the world. It probably does more harm to the country's good name than anything else. So much so that when, some years ago, the United States Information Agency changed its name to 'International Communications Agency', or ICA, the acronym was so widely confused with CIA that it was thought politic to change the country's official good news agency back to USIA.

The closest we knowingly came to the CIA was at a meeting with the Africa man from the National Security Council, himself an old agency employee. Spook (throatiest level of attribution): 'We are not actively considering aid for UNITA' (margin scribble — 'bullshit'). Spook: 'Our goal in Angola remains a peaceful solution.'

IT WAS BECOMING clear that there were two notions they wanted instilled in us. The first: 'America might be in bed with some pretty gruesome, militaristic, racist regimes, but that's the price to be paid for standing up to the Reds.' For the quintessence of Reagan's foreign policy is its anti-communism. Europeans might characterise it as misguided, harmful to the very interests it is pursuing, but then 'We' have to defend 'You' against 'Them'.

And, despite these friends, the unspoken argument continues, 'we do run a democracy at home'. They certainly do, but debates behind closed doors about covert aid seem to fly in the face of 'checks and balances', that fine idea of the Founding Fathers, a constitutional safeguard of which the Americans are justly proud. How can decisions taken secretly by one arm of government, the Executive, be mellowed by one of the other two limbs, Congress or the Supreme Court, if the debate does not officially exist?

Our trip was not intended to reverse opinions, so much as to alter the vantage point. And impressions do change once you are there. The Rambo figure has become a metaphor for a macho country which won't be pushed around, will risk life and limb to bring back even an American corpse from South East Asia.

Yet the Vietnam memorial alongside the lake which stretches from the Washington Monument to the Lincoln Memorial is more impressive than any I have seen. Simple, stark, the names of each man who died written in stone and no more. Bottles with flowers and scribbled notes lie on the footpath, one with the memorable poem entitled 'Footnote to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial':

Passerby, tell the American people this;
No glory was Thermopylae for us

When the Spartans fell protecting the
freedom of Greece;
We died in the fool's errand of Vietnam,
Fell protecting nothing,
Even we who know its folly,
In obedience to your orders.

Nearby two 'vets' on a stand offered information on the Prisoners of War and MIAs (Missing In Action). I don't know whether there are grounds for believing even one of these 2,500 servicemen is still alive, or if he is, is being held against his will, or whether it is simply a symptom of unabated vengeance against Vietnam. But I was impressed by the thought that they had been given a history of their own. I signed a petition. From London, they had been loonies.

WE MEET WITH (in the American jargon) Nancy Kassebaum, Senator from Kansas, a patrician to her fingertips, as all senators should be and aren't. Her dad, Alf Landon, ran against Franklin Roosevelt for the presidency in 1936 and survives, aged 99, to recount the tale. Ms Kassebaum chairs the Africa sub-committee and the things she has to say are all, for a change, on the record. Mr Doe, the Liberian tight-rope-walking president set up and then all but shot down by the Americans, is thus a 'basket case', Amerenglish for 'nut-case'.

As for President Botha, she recommended he take a chance on reform and see whether he can pull it off. 'But', she adds, almost regretfully, 'I'm told he doesn't have the intellect to take that risk.'

One day we went to see Randall Robinson, director of TransAfrica, at the opposite pole from Heritage in the African lobby, which more than most has restored the world's faith in America's founding principles. It took a black man and a largely black organisation (and hundreds of arrests outside the South African embassy and consulates) to make Americans, and especially Republicans, realise that constructive engagement was a con trick.

South Africa is the most important policy issue for the black community, says Robinson. Reagan cannot endorse apartheid and at the same time claim a different attitude to black Americans. The rise in influence of the congressional Black Caucus has implications for Westminster, which could have half a dozen MPs of Asian and West Indian origin after the next election. Not a moment too soon, says Robinson, who is convinced that Brits are considerably more racist than Americans. 'I have been shocked to hear racist language spoken with a British accent.'

Who else did we meet? Frank Wisner, Crocker's deputy at 'State' (Wisner's father was a CIA founder) and the Assistant Secretary of State for Africa, Crocker himself, doing a cold war gig on the Horn of Africa at the Hilton Hotel. Jesse Jackson on

the steps of Congress, rather better informed on South Africa than a year ago. There was an American-dominated lunch at the World Bank where we were told everything off the record, and a Third-World-dominated coffee hour across 19th Street at the International Monetary Fund where we were told absolutely nothing, also off the record. A surly confrontation at the United States UN Mission, softened by a langorous vista of the East River.

We went down south to New Orleans for the annual rally of the African Studies Association where every academic in sight slagged off American policy in the dark continent. I acquired a pile of heavyweight tomes. The prize was a 370-page compilation of voting patterns at the United Nations, intended to unearth attitudes on US-unfriendly issues. Those failing the exam will presumably lose out on the next dollop of aid. There came a time when the cacophony got too much. Voices, faces, melted into one another. Who said 'the camel has got his nose under the tent': 'I'm a strong believer that in foreign policy we tend to talk too much'; 'Gadafy has been on his last pins ever since he came to power, and that was 16 years ago'; 'the word [covert] has little meaning in this town any more'; and 'What news of the potato harvest in Morocco'?

As we were leaving, Reagan pronounced himself publicly in favour of 'covert aid' to UNITA. Daft, someone said. But I was getting the feel of the place and understood. The old man was just back from Geneva where both sides seemed to have come out unscathed from the summit. So the Conservative lobby felt let down, because Gorbys hadn't been left for dead. Giving guns to Savimbi was thus a bone to the disappointed ones. Never mind dead blacks.

I came away from the Tower of Babel bemused by the many tongues. But at least they talked to us, sipped their frozen water and answered many questions, not necessarily openly, but fluently. It made a change from Whitehall.

Who knows if the \$5,000 per British journalist was a good investment? We shall have to keep watching *The Times*, *Guardian*, *FT*, the BBC, *West Africa Magazine*, *African Economic Digest* et al to see if America's foreign policy goals in the second Reagan administration are now better understood in this country. I should have thought they were too damn well understood.

Remember that the spectacular foreign triumph of the first Reagan administration was the taking of the islet of Grenada. A cynical American friend suggested that the operation would not have stretched the resources of the Des Moines fire department. Perhaps 'Operation Save the World from Communism' is already under way in Angola. Covertly. □

Some manful groundwork

Gregory Woods

Lorca: The Gay Imagination

PAUL BINDING GMP £12.50 & £4.95

FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA was as homosexual as he was Spanish. Try reading him as a *German* and you will see how ridiculous it would be to 'overlook' his sexual orientation. Yet literary critics' refusal to confront the meanings of homosexuality is one of the most mechanical habits of a profession twitching with mechanical habits. So any account of a great writer as seen *through* his homosexuality is rare enough to be automatically welcome.

Unfortunately, Paul Binding's book is an inadequate response to its theme. His reading of some poems is so unimaginative that it makes them sound third-rate. For instance, he claims that Lorca uses the figure of Apollo (one of Greek myth's many contenders for the honour of being the first gay male) as 'cultural ballast for a discussion of homosexual themes'. This reductive idea does not suggest a great poet writing at the peak of emotional intensity. It completely misses Lorca's use of Apollo's dual nature as *both* a standard of male beauty and an arbiter of aesthetic order, bearing vital connotations of artistry.

In his haste to follow the clues of self-revelation, Binding pays little attention to how, at times, Lorca *shrouds* himself in language. There is no sense in observing that certain poems are 'difficult to the point of virtual opacity' without asking *why* this should be so, and without relating it to the same tendency in other modern gay poets like Rimbaud, Crane and Auden. Surely, where their obscurity seems gratuitous, it must be read as a flaw, the scar of an imposed self-censorship. Perhaps they are all at their worst when most 'discreet' because they are not saying what they want to say.

This in turn leads to the question of Lorca's involvement in his own oppression. In a 1980 interview in *Gay Sunshine*, Jaime Gil de Biedma said, 'Lorca loathed screaming queens, and that's what he himself was.' Indeed, Lorca's self-loathing can equal Genet's in its ornateness. In this context it would be useful to hear more about his Spanish contemporaries: exactly *where* does he fit in between the more openly gay Cernuda and the anti-gay Jiménez?

I do not mean to give the impression of an anguished Lorca, morose with self-disgust. Pablo Neruda said nobody loved laughter more. This is omitted from our account: the conscious hilarity of his High Camp seriousness. Binding's two passing references to Camp do no justice to the basis of Lorca's public style. I find it hard to accept Binding's use of Henry James's phrase 'the figure in the carpet' to describe the relation of the poet's sexuality to the less explicit works. As in Cocteau, the mannered stratagems of Camp make homosexuality not just the figure, but every thread in the carpet and every plank in

the floor beneath.

It is more than irritating to find a gay critic performing the oppressor's trick of lumping all homosexuals together under the heading 'the homosexual', as in the claim that puppetry and ballet have 'a particular appeal for the homosexual'. The same habit is evident, to a lesser extent, even in the book's subtitle, which is never adequately explained. The idea of a singular 'gay imagination' leaves itself open to charges of stereotyping. (After all, what is the *non-gay* imagination?) Anyone who has read Roland Barthes should have learnt to speak of a *plurality* of homosexualities.

Diction becomes an even greater problem when Binding deals with Lorca's use of Walt Whitman. Whitman is taken to task for his 'less than exemplary courage and honesty' about his gayness and his 'inability to see the complicated and the disagreeable aspects of being homosexual'. If these are meant to be Lorca's views, Binding should distance himself from them. They ignore two facts; firstly, the concept of 'homosexuality' is a fragile, modern construct with only an anachronistic relation to the 19th-century poet; and secondly, Whitman was, in any case, one of the most openly man-loving poets in Western culture – more so than Lorca. Yet I see no evidence that Whitman ever *tried* to write about 'being homosexual', and his cageyness about his private life was not necessarily his own choice.

If I am taking an unreasonably critical line, I do so *because* this book covers more new ground than should be expected of any study written so

long after its subject's death. In terms of conventional literary criticism it represents a great advance. But the theoretical issues remain untouched. □

Word play

Barbara Smith

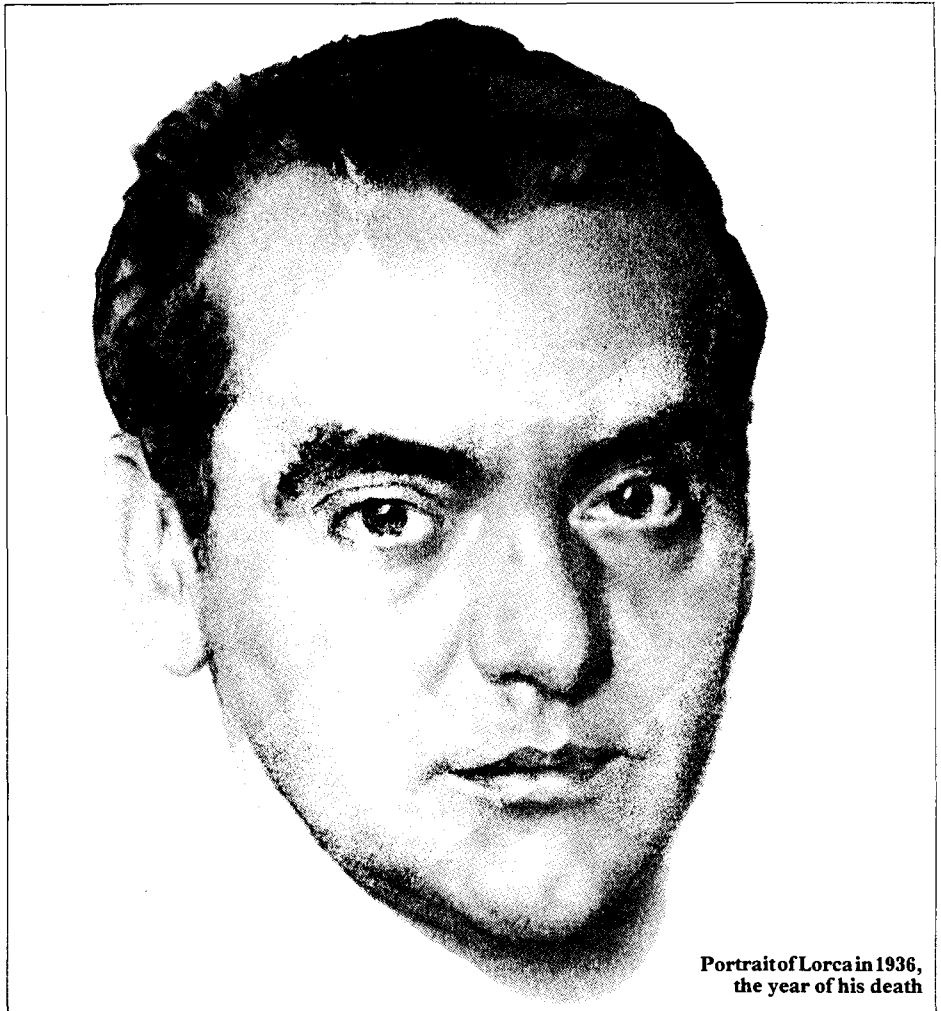
A Feminist Dictionary

CHERIS KRAMARAE and PAULA A. TREICHLER
Pandora £14.95 & £6.95

WHEN I WAS 12 a schoolfriend informed me that I was a lesbian. In ignorance I consulted my 'faithful' dictionary and found that I was 'a female homosexual; an inhabitant of Lesbos'. The word was located close to, and *underneath*, 'leper'. Hm. Naturally I looked up 'homosexual' but was none the wiser. If it had provided a decent description, I might not have had so many problems with my sexuality. But it didn't and I did; I learned early on that definition is power.

Twenty years later I consulted *A Feminist Dictionary* and what did I find? Eight references with the word 'lesbian' in, five cross-references, three associated references and a partridge in a peer trait. You've come a long way, baby. Definition is still power, but now it's mine.

Every specialist has the right to define her own



Portrait of Lorca in 1936,
the year of his death

Camera Press

terms, to say not only what those terms are but also what they mean to *her*. Language is a social contract as well as a construct, but feminists have now contracted *out* of forked-tongue malespeak. Saussure was right when he said that language is arbitrary, but he was most certainly wrong when he said it is inert: language changes all the time, meanings shift, neologisms and acronyms are coined, words pass in and out of usage – and usage is the operative word. This book is a compilation of feminist terms and concepts as *used* by feminists. Some are serious, some are humorous, some are both, some are downright eccentric, but they are all part of women's exuberant emancipation from man-made language, a demonstration that language is our tool not we its slave. So *A Feminist Dictionary* does not deal in sterile signs, but the living, evolving language of feminism.

It also imparts our history, culture, personalities *and* our diversity, because the most distinctive and fruitful side of feminism is our divergence of opinion. This book does not attempt to be definitive (most listings have more than one contextualised description) and that is its second most important feature, the first being the exhaustive bibliography which could stand on its own.

This book has had a mixed reception from other reviewers. Judith Williamson, writing in *City Limits*, for example, thinks that what we are assessing 'is not so much the content, as the concept'. She is wrong; without content the concept has no value, and without a good concept the content won't cohere. She rightly distinguishes between denotation and connotation and appreciates some of the resultant humour, pointing out that *context* is crucial, but then fails to realise that even context is being parodied, as in 'Dinner: An activity which precedes washing the dishes'. The problem here is, I think, that the book has been called a dictionary for want of a better term.

Anthony Burgess in the *Observer*, however, has wonderfully fallen into the trap laid for his ilk: *A Feminist Dictionary* surely was written by feminists for feminists about feminism, and therefore he is excluded. He seems lacking in any sense of humour (a charge usually levelled at feminists) and so not only misses the jokes, but erroneously thinks that 'Womyn or wimmin . . . take lexicography too seriously to joke about it.' He next asserts that feminists want 'the removal of the supposed male element' from language, when in fact all most of us want is removal of the male sexist bias. He then observes 'a strong element of fanaticism, and an even stronger lack of linguistic knowledge', ignorance and insanity being *other* charges levelled at women by men frightened shitless. Finally, though, in an attempt to be élitist and patronising (when you *can't* put a good woman down), he betrays his own incompetence by an addiction to Saussurean prescriptive tunnel-vision (might I suggest he reads Jean Aitchison's *Language Change: Progress or Decay?*). He sees the book as 'a manifold gesture of hate' with 'the snapping of *vagina dentata* on every page'. *A Feminist Dictionary* is not the OED refashioned with a labryris dripping Y chromosomes, and the *vagina dentata* is a *male* invention, rather like the PHALLIC PLACEBO (not listed), which is what men administer to women dying of ITHYPHALLICOSIS. . . .

Recent history

Bob Woffinden

The Writing on the Wall

PHILLIP WHITEHEAD

Michael Joseph/Channel 4 £14.95

ANGUS CALDER referred in the last issue of the *New Statesman* to 'that almost impossible thing, a *distinguished* book of a TV series'. In my view, these things are not so impossible. The example he gave, Paul Addison's *Now The War Is Over*, is clearly one such. Others come to mind: *The Shock of the New*, *End of Empire*. **The Writing on the Wall** is another.

A post-Crossman work in every sense, it is unusual not only in delineating such a recent political and economic landscape (1966-81), but in doing so with the seemingly ingenuous assistance of many of those who helped to shape it. Nor do I mean just politicians; top civil servants are named and their influence assessed. Perhaps the most fascinating part of the book is the thorough explanation of the steps leading Britain into the arms of the IMF in 1976.

Roy Jenkins thinks that the climax of the book is the formation of the SDP. Well, he would, wouldn't he? Others have suggested that it is Thatcher's routing in 1981 of decent and humane members of her government, those whom history will now have no choice but to refer to as 'the wets'. The fact that the denouement can be variously interpreted is actually a tribute to Whitehead's skill in assembling the material so disinterestedly. In the absence of authorial prejudices, readers are free to introduce their own.

The tale Whitehead has to tell, of course, is of how successfully governments have managed to cope with their own failures: failure, in Labour's case, to convince its natural support of its ideological rectitude; and, in the Conservatives' case, to convince the electorate that it could be relied upon for pragmatic steadfastness. The result has been an unlooked-for role reversal, with the Tory party now convincing its natural support of its ideological rectitude.

Having himself been in parliament for the majority of the period covered by the book, Whitehead is able to illuminate the narrative with some of his own sharpest memories; of the time, after 'Bloody Sunday' in Londonderry in 1972, 'Bernadette Devlin bore down on the huge bulk of the Home Secretary [Maudling] and battered him into something approaching wakefulness'.

He does not funk the occasional requirement of apportioning individual blame – though, mindful of these Tebbit times, he always does his targets the courtesy of castigating them in parliamentary language. Callaghan acted 'with indecent haste' in 1968 when he placed the first piece of racist legislation (removing rights of UK entry from Kenyan Asians) on the statute-book; and 'conspicuously omitted to take up Britain's responsibilities' in Cyprus in 1974, when he betrayed the Greek Cypriots. He at least emerges with credit, though, merely for keeping the government afloat during the 1976-9 period.

Merlyn Rees emerges with virtually none. By his inaction in dealing with the Protestant workers' strike to end power-sharing, in 1974, he picks up the tab for much that has gone wrong in Northern Ireland ever since.

Tony Benn, though, comes off worst of all. Peter Shore uses a telling phrase, 'his capacity for self-deception'; Neil Kinnock, in a remark attributed to him, said he created the SDP single-handed. Whitehead himself offers the intriguing observation that 'opinions in the party differed about whether Benn was the sorcerer or the apprentice'.

At another stage, Whitehead quotes Benn and then weighs in with 'Benn's memory plays him false here'. This seems to me unfair. Whitehead has the luxury of pen and paper; those whose quotes he uses were talking to the camera. Sometimes the interviewees might have wanted the opportunity to refine what they were saying: the same opportunity that Whitehead has had.

The other problem of technique is this. I'm not sure to what extent *The Writing on the Wall* represents a team effort. Robert Kee's television script was first-rate, and I can't help feeling that the reason the Ulster section of this book is so pellucid is that Kee had a hand in the project.

Be that as it may, this is a superb, wonderfully well-written book, to which I know I'll refer again and again in years to come. □

Either-or

Colin Shindler

Hitler's Apocalypse: Jews and the Nazi Legacy

ROBERT WISTRICH *Weidenfeld* £18.95

IN AN AGE when epithets such as Fascist and Nazi are as liberally sprinkled as political confetti, it is a sobering experience to be confronted with the Hitlerite madness. The first part of Robert Wistrich's book is also a cultural antidote to the fantasy, kitsch and subsumed eroticism that often portray Hitler and the National Socialists on television and on the silver screen.

Hitler drank from the wells of anti-Semitism in *fin de siècle* Vienna where sexual and racial obsessions were common themes. He regarded Marxism and Jewry as inseparable evils which demanded the racial poisoning and subsequent elimination of the German nation. The highly assimilated Jewish leaders of Central European social democracy, Adler, Bauer, Hartman – all traditional non-Jewish Jews – symbolised the growing infection. The resurrection of a new Germany and the destruction of the ancient Jews were intrinsically related. 'There is no making pacts with Jews,' he declared in *Mein Kampf*, 'there can only be either-or.' The struggle against the Jews was the extinction of the forces of darkness, the exorcism of the Jewish *dybbuk* from the pure German soul.

Hitler's anti-Semitism was neither narrow nationalism nor simple political opportunism but an integral part of an apocalyptic vision of the shape of things to come. As Wistrich shows, between 1920 and 1945 there was no straying

from the path of true racial righteousness. Although Christianity and Bolshevism were deemed to be inventions of the Jews, Hitler also used Christian imagery in his early speeches to spread his good news. Indeed, the Nazis were enthusiastic in tapping the Christian tradition of anti-Semitism for electoral purposes.

The genocide of the Jews was thus preordained in the Nazi gospel. The doctrine of 'either-or' consumed six million in its ideological flames. It is more than significant that Hitler's last sentence in his final Testament reads: 'Above all, I charge the leaders of the nation and those under them to scrupulous observance of the laws of race and to merciless opposition to the universal poisoner of all peoples, International Jewry.'

The second section of the book deals with post-war anti-Jewish manifestations. Here Mr Wistrich is on much weaker ground and does not unravel the complex distinction and relationship between anti-Semitism and anti-Zionism. From Gorbachev's new model USSR to Khomeini's medieval republic, there are severe examples of state-inspired anti-Semitism.

One chapter is devoted to Soviet McCarthyism whereby 'Zionists' are responsible for all the nation's ills - from Chairman Mao to the Prague Spring. Since 'Zionists' are often equated with Nazis and no distinction made between Jews and 'Zionists', it is easy to understand how crude propaganda attempts to bolster Soviet interests in the Arab world propagate racial stereotypes and exacerbate anti-Semitic tendencies in the USSR.

Mr Wistrich examines the Left in Britain for their attitude to the Jewish problem and selectively finds them wanting. Unfortunately, he does not differentiate between various factions of the Left. Moreover, he seems to suggest that 'Zionism' is a central rather than a peripheral theme for the dedicated headbangers of the WRP and SWP.

Within the Labour Party, Ken Livingstone as co-editor of *Labour Herald* was quite happy to publish a crude caricature to express a pro-Libyan stand on the Israel-Palestine conflict. To be fair, this was, of course, in the era before our Ken aspired to cuddliness and smelled the sweet allure of Westminster.

Virtually no one on the British Left, with perhaps the exception of *Socialist Organiser*, has actually attempted to analyse the Jewish problem. The term 'Zionism' sets the alarm bells ringing and automatically breaks off any analysis. The Left has been content, as Mr Wistrich demonstrates, to bury itself in a mountain of slogans and clichés which occasionally veer towards the anti-Semitic. The Holocaust and the centuries-long persecution of the Jews occupies little space in the memory banks of today's activists. This is not surprising as the overwhelming majority were not alive to be sensitised by the trauma of Hitler's Holocaust. The persecution and destruction of European Jewry is a watershed which separates the Old Left from the New. Today's generation would be surprised and embarrassed to discover that Nye Bevan was an enthusiastic supporter of Zionism and that he almost resigned from the Attlee government because of the Labour Right's intransigence and lack of concern about the Jewish problem.

Mr Wistrich's book, despite its weaknesses, certainly provides food for thought. □

Backtracking

Adewale Maja-Pearce

Toward the Decolonization of African Literature

CHINWEIZU, ONWUCHEKWA JEMIE & IHECHUKWU MADUBUIKE *Routledge* £8.95

AFRICAN LITERATURE of the last 30 years has been dominated by what the authors of this abrasive book term 'Eurocentrism': that is to say, the majority of African writers and critics, betraying a 'colonial and slave mentality', have been unable to conceive of a literature which departs from the European tradition. They are victims of history: the task now is for African writers to re-orient their perceptions away from Europe and back to Africa - to become 'Afrocentric' - and in the process create a wholly new tradition.

We will leave aside the question of whether there is in fact only one tradition within European literature, which the authors confidently identify as psychological realism. The possibility that there are many traditions is hardly contemplated, though they are right when they identify psychological realism as the only tradition of which the majority of African writers appear to be aware. They are also right when they insist that such novels have shown themselves to be increasingly irrelevant to the demands of late-20th-century Africa and that adherence to this tradition betrays a colonial mentality which, necessarily conservative, lacks the confidence to be bold and experimental.

What, then, is their specific prescription? Simply this: that African writers should look to the tradition of oral literature - 'orature' - which alone embodies 'the values, sensibilities, esthetics, and achievements of traditional African thought and imagination outside the plastic arts'. It is easy to understand just how seductive such an idea appears at first sight, but it presents a problem, which is that the impulse behind it is as conservative as the impulse which has created the literature they deplore. Both fail to come to grips with the colonial encounter, the one by pretending it never happened, the other by pretending that it's the answer to everything.

At bottom, of course, is the whole question of language. It is significant that the literature we are talking about is written in English and French and Portuguese. Is it possible, in other words, to create an authentic African literary tradition in an alien language? I would have thought that the answer was obvious enough. To suggest that all the budding African writer needs to do to write a truly authentic work is go to a village with a tape recorder and listen to some elders spin a few yarns seems to me to miss the point completely. The route to the African past, in so far as this is necessary, lies in the language of the African people, which is the repository of the racial memory. I have no doubt that such a view will seem intolerably 'mystical' (used, incidentally, as a term of abuse), but I must part company with what appears to me an equally intolerable mechanistic approach to literature.

Let me be quite clear about this: literature is language. However, the authors appear to think otherwise, as follows:

We would like to call an end to the debate over the use of Western languages by African writers . . . Ideally, African literature should be written in African languages. But the same historical circumstances that presently compel African writers to use Western languages . . . also compel African writers to write in them. *Until those historical circumstances are changed . . . it is pointless debating whether or not to use these Western languages in our literature.* (My italics).

Perhaps there is some momentous event hovering on the sidelines to which they have been afforded an insight but of which we are yet ignorant. Otherwise I would have thought that historical circumstances change only through the will of the people who desire that they change. There is no magic involved in this; it is quite straightforward. This is done only through language and the literature that is created out of that language. Besides, I would have thought that Africa was big enough and vital enough to create this new literature by exploiting all the foreign traditions at its disposal. The obsessive need to reject everything European is as destructive as its opposite. Colonialism is over, but perhaps they haven't heard the good news. □

A simple soul?

James Bentley

Frank Buchman: A Life

GARTH LEAN *Constable* £15

FRANK BUCHMAN certainly stirred people's passions. In the House of Commons A. P. Herbert called him a canting cheat. Bishop Hensley Henson of Durham had an 'almost physical repugnance' over meeting those associated with him. The Catholic Church expressly forbade priests, monks or nuns to take part in Moral Re-Armament meetings sponsored by Buchman and declared it improper for the faithful to accept any office of responsibility in his movement. The Church of England never made up its mind what to think.

Yet Konrad Adenauer told Buchman, 'Your work is absolutely essential for the peace of the world.' U Nu, prime minister of Burma, testified that 'Without Moral Re-Armament my country is going into the camp of dictatorship.' And Franz König, Cardinal-Archbishop of Vienna, described Buchman's ideas as a 'turning-point in the history of the modern world'.

Born in Pennsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1878, Frank Buchman 30 years later attended a convention of Evangelical Christians at Keswick

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in Britain and experienced at a service in a little stone-built chapel what he later described as a 'great spiritual shaking up'. His soul, he said, was lifted from its anchorage of selfishness. He came out a changed man. Buchman wrote asking forgiveness not merely from those he had personally wronged but even from people for whom he had simply harboured unkind feelings. Eventually he formulated his new principles into four standards: absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness, absolute love. He became an evangelist himself, powerfully able to sway young men and women, especially among the cultured classes and those who saw themselves as natural leaders in society.

One such natural leader was Adolf Hitler. 'I thank heaven for a man like Adolf Hitler,' the *New York World-Telegram* quoted Buchman, 'who built a front line of defence against the anti-Christ of Communism.' Naturally Buchman later claimed that he had been misquoted. In subsequent speeches he took care to lump Fascism and Communism together as being both based on selfish materialism: 'the spirit of anti-Christ which breeds corruption, anarchy and revolution.'

Now Garth Lean, who knew and admired Buchman for 30 years, has written this long and fascinating biography, as much for himself as for his readers, to try to understand the man. An honest book, Lean's biography does not attempt to conceal Buchman's touchiness (he could remember a slight for years) or the misjudgments of the old man's last years.

As Lean shows, Buchman was often columnised. Fired by the principles of absolute

honesty and absolute purity, some of his converts conceived the embarrassing habit of making public confessions of their formerly private sins. Lean unravels the truth behind a bizarre occasion when the actress Margaret Rawlings was set up to pose as a Buchmanite at a Foyle's literary luncheon in 1937. Tom Driberg, then pursuing his discreditable career as 'William Hickey' at the *Daily Express*, had slipped uninvited onto the platform to egg her on. He devoted the whole of his column to the event.

Yet I think that, for all the good it often did, Moral Rearmament remained essentially flawed. Its four principles offered an inadequate remedy for the ills of society, whose underlying causes Buchman never properly analysed. One of his closest supporters in the 1930s was C. J. Hambro, leader of the Scandinavian Conservative party, who wanted to 'lay aside wasteful strife' in order to bring about 'a more spacious understanding between people on the opposite sides of the old party divides which are now crumbling'. At times of great social differences, these are views that can be comfortably held only by those who already possess most of this world's goods. They obscure the costly sacrifices necessary to make the world a better place.

In religion as in politics Buchman seemed to have found simple answers for complex problems. Perhaps this was part of his appeal. In the words of his distinguished clerical convert B. H. Streeter, provost of Queen's College, Oxford, 'You have got to make Christianity so simple that even an intellectual can understand it.' Buchman undoubtedly did.

introduction to the faith.

Picture books with a serious purpose: *Fighting the Famine* (Pluto, £4.95); photographs by Mike Goldwater of the hungry areas of sub-Saharan Africa do not so much exclaim with shock, horror or pity as explain steadily and fraternally, while Nigel Twose's text equally soberly describes the economics, the problems, the hopes.

The slight tweezeness of the title of *Cry for Our Beautiful World*, edited by Helen Exley (Exley, £11.95) and subtitled 'young people from 70 nations plead for survival of our natural world', is belied by the vigour of the poetry and prose meditations and particularly by the striking paintings and drawings. *Into Cuba*, by Barry Lewis on camera and Peter Marshall on words (Zena, dist. Central Books, £18.95), is a high-gloss journey through Cuba, where they find, despite limitations on freedom of expression and tolerance of minorities, 'there can be no doubting that the vast majority of the people are behind Castro'.

One other small vogue: product and company histories, Asa Briggs on the Victoria Wine Company, for instance, or Dinsdale Landen and Jennifer Daniel on HP sauce (Batsford and Methuen, respectively). Most substantial of these is Charles Wilson's *First with the News: The History of W.H. Smith* (Cape, £12.95), solid information about all aspects of the firm's trading up to 1972 (no *Private Eye* in the index), concluding that 'even after 1949', 'W.H. Smith still possessed an identifiable image and ethos'. But does it still?

Gillian Wilce

Footnotes

Late 1985 books from NS contributors: *Changes in Working Time* by Paul Blyton (Croom Helm, £19.95), an 'international review' of patterns of work — shifts, job sharing, flexi-time, etc. — and *The Kingfisher Book of Children's Poetry* selected by Michael Rosen, reasonably priced at £5.95 for a well produced hardback with illustrations (whatever you may happen to think of those illustrations) — poems familiar and unfamiliar, all fun, particularly for reading aloud.

Another anthology for young people: *More to Life than Mr Right*, compiled by Rosemary Stones for Piccadilly Press (15 Golders Green Crescent, NW 11, £5.95); these 'stories for young feminists' divide into realistic accounts of first love affairs and fabulous moral tales; surprisingly large and childlike type for the sophistication of content.

Serious topics favoured by publishers of late include the Second World War and its prelude, Biblical studies and Islam in all its ramifications. The latter is expounded, for instance, in three from Al Saqui books: *Beyond the Veil: Male-Female Dynamics in Muslim Society* by Fatima Mernissi (£16 & £4.95), *Aishah — The Beloved of Mohammed* by Nabia Abbott (first published in 1942, £16 & £4.95) and *Islam Against the West: Shakib Arslan and the Campaign for Islamic Nationalism* by William L. Cleveland (£25 & £6.95). Not to mention *Islam and the Destiny of Man* by Muslim Westerner Gai Eaton (Allen & Unwin/Islamic Texts Society, £12.95) which looks to be an approachable and thorough

Pressganged

John Coleman

Defence of the Realm (PG)

Odeon, Haymarket

Silverado (PG)

Leicester Square Theatre

Fire Festival (18)

ICA

Black Narcissus (PG)

Electric Screen

King Solomon's Mines (PG)

Canon, Haymarket; Prince Charles

Best Defence (15)

Plaza; ABCs Fulham and Edgware Roads

PHONE-TAPPING, state attempts to muzzle the press, muckraking journalism itself, American nuclear bases, the sense of an increasingly tentacular Them against Us: all these featured largely in the Britain of 1985 and it is balefully refreshing to open the New Year with a home-bred and home-located thriller which may — who knows? — open a few blinkered eyes as well. David Drury's *Defence of the Realm*, written with the odd drop of old acid by Martin Stellman (*Babylon, Quadrophemia*), even manages to work in the call-girl-compromised MP who appears to share her with a KGB agent. Add to this a newspaper owner with interests in a defence-contract company and the cup of paranoia is full to overflowing. Let it be said that the Street of Shame contrives to redeem itself in an explosive finale.

Nick (Gabriel Byrne) and Vernon (Denholm Elliott), reporters on the tabloid *Daily Dispatch*, get separately involved in this jigsaw tale of a hushed-up near-disaster, each primed by tip-offs from different sources. Anonymous phone-calls persuade thrusting, unscrupulous Nick that opposition MP Markham (Ian Bannen), about to ask questions in the House on the hit-and-run death of a lad escaped from a detention centre, is in fact in cahoots with an East German working for the KGB. His wife, believing Nick to be a cop, denies it: 'My husband may be an adulterous bastard, but he's certainly not a Soviet spy'; but a photograph of a Prague conference seems damning. A good pub scene, during which Nick is congratulated by colleagues for his story as Markham announces his resignation on TV, leads into a change of heart. Pro-Markham Vernon, sozzled on vodka and Coke ('détente in a glass') and dishevelled as only the sterling Mr Elliott can be, mumbles of Special Branch tails to an incredulous Nick, who sees him back to his flat, to find it indeed thoroughly turned over. At which point Vernon shoots a glance at an envelope stashed in the lift shaft outside his door, so fast as to be almost subliminal yet a hint for later. Next day at the office, Nick hears Vernon died overnight.

From there on, he assiduously delves into old cuttings, realises his own phone is tapped, levers



Gabriel Byrne and Greta Scacchi contemplate truth in *Defence of the Realm*

papers and a tape from a locked drawer in Vernon's desk, interviews a pal of that dead boy at a remand home, drives to a wire-fenced factory, is turned away from a US base, masquerades as a defence correspondent after

info about planes with nuclear payloads, finally amasses enough material to write a new story in his own ransacked flat through a hectic night. Dubbed 'terrific' by his new editor, the story is killed at top level by smooth Kingsbrook (Fulton

Mackay), the corrupt proprietor. Nothing daunted, Nick enlists the help of Markham's secretary Nina (Greta Scacchi in too small a role) and they find a way to spread the news nonetheless: with some neat chicanery. The ending, you might say, is both brutally admonitory and — in the larger scheme of things — optimistically up-beat.

Much of this is very well done: the newspaper-office setting with Robbie Coltrane wondering, 'Eighty-four pounds for dinner for two. Think they'll buy that, mate?' and Nick rejoining, 'Not if it's Grimsby'; the hypocrisy of Kingsbrook orating at Vernon's obsequies; the suspense as Nina and Nick juggle for those lift-shaft papers with Special Branch a few feet away; the painful piecing together of an ugly cover-up; and the prevailing atmosphere of menace, sinisterly bolstered as the camera abruptly shows a tape-recorder turning in the apartment facing Nick's. But somehow it lacks the thrust and urgency, for all the dashing about and vignettes of clubland and faceless VIPs, that really compel.

Perhaps its bitty structure — with those lads seen escaping in the opening frames, unexplained — is too fragmented. Certainly it leaves several questions begging (and the invocation of the McGuffin will not do here). Why such panic about a surely undangerous near-'disaster'? Why did no one investigate the mystery call-girl (if they did, I missed it)? And no marks at all to Special Branch, elsewhere represented as only too much on top of their scaly job, for not spotting where Vernon had hidden his vital evidence. One would quibble less if Drury's film weren't so otherwise concerned to

**Just how far
will a
Government go
to hide
the truth?**

**DEFENCE
OF THE
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 IN **DEFENCE OF THE REALM** PG
 WITH IAN BANNEN · BILL PATERSON AND FULTON MACKAY
 EXECUTIVE PRODUCER DAVID PUTTNAM SCREENPLAY BY MARTIN STELLMAN PRODUCERS ROBIN DOUET AND LYNDA MYLES DIRECTED BY DAVID DRURY
 READ THE FUTURA PAPERBACK RELEASED BY 1ST RANK FILM DISTRIBUTORS

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be gritty, contemporary and plausible. Nick is asked by chilly inquisitors: 'Where would you stop once you embark on this striptease of a government?' — a question the movie's unfrivolous makers might beneficially have pondered themselves.

Lawrence Kasdan's **Silverado**, scripted with his brother Mark, determinedly sets out to compensate for the 'Western' drought by hosing in so many elements from the genre — lone riders, men with pasts, a bold gang of four, a wagon train of homesteaders, good women and a whore who ain't all bad, saloons, a gambler, a stampede, a street-confrontation, two sheriffs (one John Cleese, the other a smiley crook), jail-breaks, and guns in the morning, afternoon and evening — that, swimming around in all this like some demented Alice, I could only cry: 'Where's the Injuns and the cavalry?'. It's the 1880s and a quartet of fellows (one black, one a cheery jumping bean: Scott Glenn and Kevin Kline the higher-definition remaining two) en route to various destinations stop off at Silverado, there to become embroiled with aforesaid evil sheriff and a wicked clan who run the joint. Breakwind pace, thundering score, lovely scenery, and some funny lines: Kline to Glenn, who has killed a couple of shootists from a hut before breakfast — 'They just jumped you out of the blue?'; Glenn, drawling, 'I had to get up, anyway.'

Cablese: Mitsuo Yanagimachi's **Fire Festival** nicely establishes life in small southern port before inscrutable mass murder; revival of Powell and Pressburger's 1947 **Black Narcissus** a must, with its Deborah Kerr-load of nuns erotically turmoiled in studio-built Himalayas superbly photographed by Jack Cardiff; J. Lee Thompson's **King Solomon's Mines**, trashy 'Africana Jones' or What Made Rider Haggard: and, worst offence, **Best Defence**, dim spy-and-tank-engineering farce, with Dudley Moore unrescuable by spliced-in bits of Eddie Murphy as (they said it) 'strategic guest star'. □

Recommended viewing

A regular selection by our critic from films still doing the rounds

Prizzi's Honour With genial fidelity to Richard Condon's triple-cross comedy of mafioso manners, veteran John Huston keeps it in his 'family' as daughter Anjelica pops wickedly up to net Jack Nicholson's bemused killer, love-torn Charley, from a killing new wife (Kathleen Turner).

My Beautiful Laundrette Low-budget, high-jinking mix of racism, gay love and Thatcherite ethics in today's Britain. Hanif Kureishi wittily scripts and Stephen Frears warmly directs ironic, tangled tale of South London Pakistani lad and ex-NF boyfriend managing title business for Saeed Jaffrey's superb, rascally rich uncle.

Nineteen Nineteen Hugh Brody's subtle, low-key first feature, magnificently played, mounted and edited: brief encounter in 1970 Vienna of ageing ex-patients of Freud — resident White Russian émigré Paul Scofield and naturalised New Yorker Maria Schell — for thorny, maybe therapeutic survivors' duologue deftly conjuring with Time and History.

Saints and singers

Barry McIlheney

IF IT WAS so obviously the year of Geldof and Bono at Live Aid, then it was also a remarkable triumph for Ruefex and the Pogues. And it couldn't really be said to have been a disappointing 12 months for the likes of Cactus World News, Light A Big Fire and That Petrol Emotion. The year of Saint Bob from Dublin was also the year when contemporary Irish music, from both sides of the border, finally came back from the wilderness.

If only the first two names on that list are immediately familiar, there is no need to despair at a failure to have the finger firmly on the teenage pulse. Belfast's Ruefex, for example, sell even fewer records than the born-again Dexy's Midnight Runners, but have still managed to capture a remarkable amount of media attention, from the ultimate seal of politico-rock approval in a *City Limits* feature to being hailed as the most important band in Britain by the *New Musical Express*. The strange thing is that the *NME*'s description is probably true — if 'importance' is the right noun to attribute to the only band in these islands singing about life and brutal death in working-class Belfast, as observed from a broadly Protestant perspective and articulated with searing passion and rage. Ruefex's debut album, *Flowers For All Occasions*, says as much about low-life in contemporary Ulster as a dozen Heaney poems and certainly deserves a lot more than its current, rather quaint cult status.

The Pogues, on the other hand, now have a silver album and sell-out tours to their credit, and ended the year as one of the top ten bands in most critics' polls. Certainly, the old allegations of professional Paddyism and drunken incompetence still haunt them, but tend to fade when set against their compelling soundtrack and painfully incisive commentary on Britain as seen through the bittersweet perception of the second-generation London Irish. The Pogues may well be the flavour of '85, but songs such as 'Sally MacLennane' and 'The Sick Bed of Culchullian' show Shane MacGowan to be a master storyteller in the finest Irish narrative tradition. And, yes, you can most definitely dance to them.

That Petrol Emotion hail from Londonderry — or Derry, as they would most certainly call it — and are to some extent the mirror image of the Ruefex. The two ex-Undertones in the band, John and Damien O'Neill, take care of the songwriting duties and John, or Sean as he now prefers, is particularly keen to replace with political awareness the affairs of the heart which he used to present to Mr Sharkey for some serious warbling back in the late Seventies. The sleeve of their last single, 'V2', depicted a graphic account of the strip-searching system in Armagh Prison and the Sean boy has spelt out his political concerns with enough authority and grasp of the

situation to suggest that this is going to be a lot more interesting than the pathetic Stiff Little Fingers/Clash posturings of old.

If TPE, Ruefex and the Pogues have been Ireland's most notable new discoveries and, simultaneously, Britain's best live acts in 1985, then the prognosis for this year looks no less optimistic. Dublin's Cactus World News and Light A Big Fire have already done enough to suggest great things ahead, while the North is gradually picking up again after seven years in the doldrums through such new and highly-touted acts as St Vitus Dance, Lost Weekend, Five Boys, An Uncertain Trumpet and the equally intriguingly-named Spoon Fed Sofa. The other heartening sign for the six counties is news of the recently-opened Satellite Club — hardly a great event to the Soho underworld, but a vital factor in any new alternative scene in the city and the first successful venture of its kind since the legendary Harp Bar Club turned into a strip-joint once the class of '78 had flown the nest. Add to this an increasingly open-door policy from the province's independent radio station, a sudden growth in all sorts of alternative media and U2's financial commitment to their all-Ireland Mother label, and it's clear why 1986 might even be the best year yet for the Irish. All this and Val Doonican too. □

Ruefex's Flowers For All Occasions is now available on Stiff Records. The Pogues' Rum Sodomy and the Lash is also on Stiff. That Petrol Emotion have two singles, 'Keen' and 'V2', both on the Pink label and will release their debut album in the spring. Cactus World News have just finished a nationwide tour with The Cult and are the first signings to U2's Mother label. Light A Big Fire have a mini-album, Gunpowders, released through Statik in the UK.

THEATRE

Gone west

Benedict Nightingale

Melons

BERNARD POMERANCE *Pit*

On the Edge

GUY HIBBERT *Hampstead*

BERNARD POMERANCE is the author of *The Elephant Man*, which (as if you didn't know) involved 19th-century avarice, 19th-century intolerance, 19th-century samaritanism and the virtuous freak who became the exemplary victim of all three. His **Melons** takes us a few years forward and a few thousand miles west; but its subject is essentially the same, a noble savage exploited and oppressed by an arrogant and aggressive civilisation. What chance for poor, pouchy John Merrick in Victoria's London? What chance for someone called John Lame Eagle in Oklahoma, as it struggles towards statehood?

None, except the chance to assert his residual identity in an act of nostalgic destructiveness. He's lost his ancestral land, the gods that came with it, his friends, most of his freedom, his pride and no less than two families to the colonists.

Then in saunter two geologists on a relatively innocent and (as it turns out) entirely profitless mission, to find oil in terrain that's actually crammed with coal. What they don't fully realise is that the reservation is seething with resentment at various official humiliations, notably one designed to eradicate the rumour that an Indian messiah is about to restore his people's fortunes. What they don't realise at all is that *Lame Eagle* is penciled in for that role, and takes every aspect of his heritage with grim seriousness. We don't see their surprised faces when he creeps up on them in a mask, hangs them upside down, then begins to saw at their throats, because that little ceremony occurs offstage; but it isn't difficult to picture them.

Pomerance's brains and heart aren't in doubt, any more than they were in *The Elephant Man*. His instinct as a story-teller is more uncertain, as it was then. There'd always be problems bringing *Lame Eagle's* tale vividly to life, because only a small proportion of it happens here, now, in the present tense; but they're a long way from solution at the Pit. There's much more reminiscence, reportage, commentary, flashback than immediate action. One principal character seems to exist mainly to interview *Lame Eagle* and another, the American major who defeated him in battle years ago, has only marginally more importance, at least until the violent denouement. The play lacks brio, momentum. It is commendably mournful about the plight of those once-great warriors, seized from their canyons and animals and trees and now boozing their way to a squalid oblivion: but, by God, it could do with a bit of fire-water itself.

Still, it has a certain ruminative distinction, at least when *Lame Eagle* himself moves centre-stage. Pomerance has given him a curt, unfussy idiom to speak, the more eloquent for its shrugging, downbeat way with atrocity and pain. Though he makes it abundantly clear that he is (or, rather, was) spiritually and biologically better adapted to his environment than the good Christian whites who've supplanted him, he doesn't exactly idealise the character either. There's something sad and ridiculous about a lame, winged eagle, especially one who persists in believing the old styles of flight possible. Moreover, Ben Kingsley plays the part with cool authority, reconciling watchfulness with repose and simplicity with a dry, knowing wit. Perhaps the play should have been a monologue, with him its speaker and star?

GUY HIBBERT'S eye and heart are somewhere the other side of the Atlantic, too. Many of his characters in *On The Edge* dream hopelessly of escape from dreary Britain to gold-paved America and he himself would seem to be under the influence of both Tennessee Williams and Sam Shepard. The sun and the emotions, each surprisingly hot for these climes, come from the former; the cluttered landscape, the even more chaotic people who inhabit it, could well come from one of the latter's 'family plays'. But there the similarities begin to stutter and stop, because Hibbert's vision lacks intensity and quirkiness and much else too.

Mark you, he shows plenty of skill when it comes to turning a crisp, blunt line and establishing seedy situation and tawdry character. He starts well. Back to his mum's

subtopian shanty comes Jim, en route from London to a new life in St Louis, and receives a decidedly chill welcome. The old lady herself, played with a majestic snarl by Barbara Jefford, even tells him to 'get out'. Why? What's going on? What is the family's connection with the local American airbase and, more specifically, that of the psychotic younger son with the disappearance of a dope-peddling airman? Hibbert whets our interest, then proceeds assiduously to blunt it.

Mum is a one-woman brothel and her latest man, an over-age skinhead played with a mean sneer by Tom Georgeson, is a procurer, pimp, and worse. The realisation gradually dawns that this isn't just a piece about wistful dreams and brutish reality, but a state-of-England play, an impressionistic picture of corrupt and derelict Blighty very literally pandering to Uncle Sam and being screwed by him. But, if so, it never quite achieves lift-off, presented as it is in a doggedly naturalistic style that becomes increasingly implausible as the evening progresses. The dialogue turns stagey ('nothing is very easy here', 'nothing is very easy anywhere'), the situation gets melodramatic, the characters behave in unlikely ways, tension slackens and what began as a sprightly, promising play ends up comatose. □

ART

Stage two

John Spurling

Yolanda Sonnabend
Serpentine until 5 January
The World's Stages: Drawings and Paintings by Feliks Topolski
National Theatre until 25 January

YOLANDA SONNABEND was born in Rhodesia of German/Russian/Jewish parents and settled in England in 1954. She studied painting and stage design under Robert Medley at the Slade School and emerged as a stage designer in the late Fifties and early Sixties, working especially on designs for plays directed by Frank Hauser at the Oxford Playhouse but also making ballet and opera designs for Covent Garden and Sadlers Wells. Since the Seventies she has been best known as a designer of ballets, particularly Kenneth MacMillan's for the Royal Ballet. The surprise at the Serpentine is to discover that she is as much a painter as designer.

Both Bryan Robertson, who has selected the exhibition, and Sonnabend herself insist in their catalogue essays that the two activities are, like the Trinity, indivisible and form, as Robertson puts it, 'one body of work', but although the paintings are distinctly theatrical in manner it would not be difficult, if Sonnabend had chosen to show them under another name, to believe that the Serpentine was following its frequent practice of exhibiting two different artists side by side.

This is not to suggest that there is anything schizophrenic about Sonnabend's work. The paintings are quite recent, the designs mostly much older. The former belong comfortably to the current fashion for neo-Expressionism and Baroque extravagance, the latter are still lodged in that post-war fashion for spiky or armoured forms and harsh materials, when birds were half men and men were half beasts — the period of Michael Ayrton, early Elizabeth Frink and Reg Butler's 'The Unknown Political Prisoner'.

The common factor linking both sides of Sonnabend's work as well as both fashions is the element of primitivism, the attempt to incorporate a mythical dimension. She, it's true, had the excuse of an anthropologist father, but the 20th-century equation of myth plus modernism too often equals pretentiousness. Where the paintings score over the designs (and the Eighties over the Fifties) is in their more relaxed, more ironic approach to this uneasy striving for atavistic significance. Reduced to charming little models, as they are at the Serpentine, Sonnabend's early designs look innocuous enough, but I still remember with a shudder the melodramatic fussiness of her designs for Greek Tragedy at the Oxford Playhouse in 1961 and at Stratford East in 1964. On the other hand, her response to subjects of domestic fantasy such as Giraudoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot* or Genet's *The Maids* (the whole stage transformed into a bower of petals and fluff) was both witty and appropriate; and her ballet designs, to judge by the models on show, have been in the same vein.

The paintings include landscapes, portraits, sculptural still-lives and some groups of figures with autobiographical associations, but the most immediately striking are two female dwarfs in the costumes of Velasquez princesses and a large landscape called 'Romantic Garden II' which has echoes of Max Ernst's pre-war Apocalypse 'After the Rain' but successfully substitutes gravity and mystery for Ernst's horror and grotesquerie.

There are also two powerfully romantic portraits, of the art historian Jasia Reichardt and the Cambridge mathematician Stephen Hawking. If I were the director of the National Portrait Gallery I would keep a regular order with her for distinguished faces.

Feliks Topolski, the son of an actor, was born in Poland in 1907 and settled in England in 1935. He has done some theatrical designs, but his special talent is for rapid, vigorous sketches with an element of caricature. His informal portraits of playwrights and pencil snaps of actors in rehearsal or performance provide a nostalgic chronicle of the post-war theatre in Britain, though there are drawings also of foreign companies visited or visiting. His paintings, perhaps because they are more studied and worked on, tend to be less successful, especially when he attempts to catch tragedy in action, but there are fine painted sketches of Arden and Stoppard.

The exhibition, selected by John Elsom, whose *Listener* theatre column Topolski used to illustrate, is almost worth visiting for one sketch alone: Louis Armstrong with wrinkled chin and pendulous nose sitting in his dressing-room after a performance and preparing a poultice for his lips. □



by Dr Travers, a sports injuries specialist, ready to demonstrate how to avoid back trouble, loosen that stiff neck or improve your breathing. He'd developed a lung function machine connected up to a computer. You breathe into it and out come your inner vital statistics, showing your 'breathing age'. One youthful-looking man in his early forties was delighted to learn he had the lung function of an average 28-year-old. Our work-outs included relaxation techniques, jogging and water exercises, when about a dozen of us had the heated indoor pool all to ourselves.

Lancaster's keep fitters were offered a list of options as well as a full exercise programme. My husband sampled trampolining, which he found exhilarating. Julie, my tennis partner, thought it was 'like flying'. I tried out squash with another complete beginner. It seemed an impossible game at first. Then, after half an hour of coaching, it suddenly clicked and was great fun.

At both universities our blood pressure was checked. We were taught how to take a pulse (easier to find in the neck than in the wrist) and what our pulse rates should be during and after exercise. Follow-up kits provided all the information needed to continue healthy life styles at home.

Although children's activities are available at Exeter, a number of kids attended the regular courses with adults, experiencing a level of instruction they'd be unlikely to get elsewhere. One seven-year-old, doing drawing and painting, found himself sketching a nude model, much envied by my son, who had opted for swimming lessons.

Each of these universities has its own sports hall, on-site swimming pool and tennis courts — all free of charge. The evening social programme included with the courses was especially diverse at Lancaster. The children were off to their barbecues, inflatables in the pool or roller discos. My husband enjoyed the talks and the Medici String Quartet concerts. I participated in the tournaments — chess, table tennis. And we all went to the barn dance.

Exeter's evening highlight was a play at the on-campus Northcott Theatre — as good as a West End production. Their farewell disco party had everyone joining in, from elderly couples to a breakdancing toddler. Families, singles and people of all ages felt included under the same generous umbrella.

Meals are communal, with none of that awful sitting alone for people on their own. The food is tasty and plentiful. Prices at the two universities are very similar. A week's holiday with full board, a half day's course and a variety of activities and entertainments comes to around £150 for adults, with substantial reductions for children. The money earned gets ploughed back into the university, much of it used to keep down students' costs. ☐

A study in relaxation

Faye Ainscow

'THEY'RE ALL *Guardian* readers,' observed the middle-aged man sipping white wine at the open-air drinks party. 'Posy Simmonds' raw material.' It was early evening and, along with other participants in Lancaster University's Summer Programme, we were trying to spot who else among the politely chatting groups was on the same course. Our badges announced a hotchpotch of activities, including chess, fellwalking, creative crochet, understanding existentialism and almost any popular sport you could ask for.

The easy-going atmosphere of kindred spirits getting together was enhanced by the presence of familiar faces from previous years and the stability of the teaching staff and programme organisers. Children searched out old friends, hoping they were signed up for the same activity. Despite the mixture of regional accents, it was like a village green by a pub on a warm summer evening.

The set-up is actually very much like a village, complete with the usual high street amenities. Deserted by its students, the university springs to life again as hundreds of holiday-makers take up residence in single study bedrooms or self-catering flats where bits of Blu-tack dot brick walls once festooned with posters and drawers

are lined with computer print-outs.

Like Lancaster in the North West, Devon's Exeter University also provides generous on-campus accommodation. Standards are high because this isn't just a commercial operation put together to make a profit out of the holiday trade. Excellent existing resources are made available at a reasonable cost, which would be hard to duplicate in other circumstances.

Having spent a week at each of these universities last summer, our family of four left highly impressed. At Lancaster my 12-year-old daughter Kate chose canoeing from the youth courses offered to the 11- to 17-year-olds. After learning basic skills in the swimming pool, they took their fibre-glass kayaks to the beautiful River Lune.

Matthew, aged eight, joined the children's Opportunity Course, aimed at the five-to-11-year-olds, which included games, drama, a variety of sports and arts and crafts. Not many boys his age get to use a university crafts room or receive expert tuition in trampolining and badminton in a well-equipped sports hall. Swimming lessons were in an 83-degree ozone-treated pool, free of chemicals that sting your eyes.

My husband and I did keep fit, taught at Exeter

Brochures on holiday activities and self-catering flats from: University of Exeter, Holiday Booking Office, Devonshire House, Exeter EX4 4PY, Tel. (0392) 77911 (also open during Easter on a more limited basis. B&B all year round); University of Lancaster, Summer Programme Office, University House, Lancaster LA1 4YW, Tel. (0524) 382118.

For information on facilities provided by over 50 other universities contact: British Universities Accommodation Consortium, Box No. 194, University Park, Nottingham NG7 2RD, Tel. (0602) 54571.



Naseem Khan Poetry in motion

I FOUND the poets in the hamburger bar on the concourse of Charing Cross Station; well, three of them: the New Zealander, British and Canadian poets. Where Zambia, India and Ghana were, no one quite knew. If the three I'd found were anything to go by, the other three were probably fast asleep somewhere in a handy corner. Trained in from Aberystwyth that afternoon, off to Tunbridge Wells that evening: the life of a performing Commonwealth prizewinning poet is not a happy one.

On the face of it, this was one of life's dottier ideas, sending half-a-dozen poets round the country to read in a number of apparently random venues: Aberystwyth to Tunbridge Wells, Tunbridge Wells to Hull, Hull to Belfast and then back to the London base. Six poets on a single bill (15 brief minutes per poet), all coming from distinct and different cultural backgrounds, albeit all wearing the useful overall hat of 'Commonwealth' — how could the package possibly work? So I followed the literary caravan down to Tunbridge Wells in a spirit of scepticism. As it turned out, the exercise proved both success and failure.

For a start, the prize itself brings poetry for the first time into the big league and since, for an awful lot of the Commonwealth, poetry is a more indigenous and natural art form than the cried-up novel, that can't be a bad thing. It's a breakthrough. For the past 13 years the Commonwealth Poetry Prize has been chuntering along in respectable semi-obscurity, awarding its £500 annual prize money to respected writers like Chinua Achebe, Grace Nichols, Arun Kolatkar. The major limitation was that entrants should not be citizens of the UK, which gave the prize a parochial and somewhat patronising air.

This year, major British Airways subsidy has changed the whole picture. The top prize has been upped to £5,000. Each 'area' (Africa, Americas, Asia, Australia/Pacific, UK/Europe) has its £1,000 winner and there's an additional £2,000 for a best first publication. Each area has been judged on the spot by a local panel which submitted its results to London and, for the first time, UK poets have been put on a par with other Commonwealth poets.

Commercial sponsorship has, as everyone knows, its strongly suspect side. Occasions like these — windfalls, essentially, rather than basic revenue — seem the best way of using business sponsorship: the morale of the poets should be raised, the efficiency of the award process should be increased and the overall awareness of Commonwealth poets and poetry should be heightened.

For all this to work, of course, a coherent follow-up programme needs to be set up and it is

here — in the first year of its new system — that the Commonwealth Poetry Prize sadly missed opportunities. For a start there was the crowded omnibus package of poets: not as frustrating as I'd expected, but still not desirable. No sooner did you get the taste of one poet's voice than they changed over. Future years could explore the idea of offering venues different options of two or three particular poets. The venues themselves — four regional ones and London's Commonwealth Institute — were hardly major. Surely the poets should have been found at places with a track-record in poetry — Glasgow's Third Eye, for instance; London's ICA; the Poetry Society; the South Bank's new Bookspace. Some of them would have done well in schools.

This, rather than the problems of too many poets in one place at one time, proved to be the major frustration. For the poets were, not surprisingly, substantial voices who deserved substantial platforms — Northern Ireland's excellent Michael Longley, Gary Geddes from Canada, Ghanaian Kobena Eyi Acquah, Vikram Seth from India, Timothy Holmes of Zambia (with a first publication) and the overall winner, a woman writer, Lauris Edmond from New Zealand.

The poets were diverse to look at and diverse in style: Lauris Edmond, with her neat, blue, Mrs Thatcher, poetry-reading suit and her plain, clever face; a boyish Vikram Seth who disarmed the audience ('In case you think I'm a rootless cosmopolitan, you're right'), his tough poetry belying the fragility of his appearance, the tall benign figure of Gary Geddes and his abrasive verse; Michael Longley looking remarkably like Santa Claus; the more declamatory persona and style of Kobena Eyi Acquah. But, diverse as they were, they had things in common that made sense of their reading.

There was a fierce respect, for instance, for the rights of the individual conscience. Kobena Eyi Acquah's weightiest poem, 'The Man Who Died', takes its cue from Wole Soyinka's line in his 'What Is Law?' lecture: 'The man dies in all who keep silent in the face of tyranny'. One of Lauris Edmond's first read poems paid homage to the courage of a signatory of Charter 77. There was an anger — contained rather than histrionic — at the violence and corruptness of modern life, from the horrible delicacy of Gary Geddes's 'Tower' and its psychotic sniper to Timothy Holmes's poems stimulated by the building of the Cariba Dam: both disaster and benefactor to people around. There was a common response to gentleness in the midst of suffering, to the arbitrariness of fate (best expressed in Michael Longley's taut verses on Northern Ireland) and a sense that was realistic rather than romantic of lost innocence, at its most distilled in Vikram Seth's readings from his anthology *The Humble Administrator's Garden*.

It was Longley's work, however, that remained longest in the mind — partly because of the closeness of Northern Ireland. 'How do you photograph an atrocity?' a news photographer had once been asked, he told his audience. 'I take out my light meter and focus my lens.' Coming out of the long savageries of Ireland, Longley's verse had something of that selfsame quality. So, if not as completely, did the work of his Commonwealth peers. □

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams French letters

ONE OF THE MOST popular programmes on French TV is the ten-year-old book programme *Apostrophes*. It seems that a nation which cannot find much time for Nobel prizewinner Claude Simon's latest *nouveau roman* will stay home in its millions to watch this hour-and-a-half scrabble for royalties by writers who may well have killed to sit on one of its hard-backed chairs.

The programme's success depends on the speedy, contentious personality of its tidily-named anchorman Bernard Pivot, round whose head reputations have indeed been known to oscillate. Last week he assembled, without apology, an all-male cast of film-book writers round the person of Jean-Luc Godard. One of them had written a book about the men the French think invented the cinema, *Les Frères Lumière*. Another had written one saying it was really five other people.

The question was academic, but not the shoot-out, which seemed to hinge on the fine point of who first charged an entrance fee. '*C'est une enquête magnifique*,' said Godard, seeming at first to favour the iconoclast, '*mais sans aucun intérêt*.' Great fun. The reason the *Lumières* had invented the cinema, he said, was because there were two of them. They could look at each other: the camera and its objective. The story of the cinema was one of collaboration, director and star, producer and audience, actor and actress. 'You have to be always two,' he said, 'otherwise it doesn't work.' No one dared wonder who had been the collaborator of this *auteur-par-excellence*, but Pivot did ask whether it was possible, as J. M. leClezio had once suggested, that Godard was on the way to becoming schizophrenic. Not at all, it was quite impossible for a film-maker to go mad, there were far too many practical matters to be seen to. Of course, for writers it might be different.

'You said one thing I didn't understand,' said the author of a book on Francois Truffaut, 'that it was his being French which killed Francois.' 'That doesn't matter at all,' said Godard kindly. 'I didn't write it to be understood by you.' Truffaut, it seemed, had had to turn himself into a sort of New Wave ambassador to Hollywood, 'turning out all these nice films so they could understand what we were doing. I said he'd be in the Académie française one day and I meant it as a pejorative. You'll notice the nouvelle vague isn't so well thought of now that Francois isn't here to defend it with his body. He was a kind of saint . . .'

To end, we saw a clip from a Godard-Truffaut collaboration dating from their *Cahiers* days: a report of the Paris floods, whose funding had come through too late for its own subject. '*Il y avait pas assez d'eau*,' laughed Godard, who, to redeem the project, had concocted a script round the existing watery footage and in doing so broken the waters of his own new career. ▷

There was an article in a recent *Libération* likening Godard to a parallel figure in America, Bob Dylan, with 'Blowing in the Wind' presumably as his *A Bout de Souffle*. Why compare them? It happens that the summation of Dylan's last 30 years has also just appeared, as *Biograph* (CBS). It seems both men had motorcycle accidents in the Sixties, after which their voices mysteriously changed and their lives were transformed: Maoism then mysticism for Godard: Country music then mysticism for Dylan. The musician became a family man and cinéaste (Renaldo and Clara); the cinéaste a painter and musician (*Prénom: Carmen*). According to *Libé*, both artists now decided to deceive their fans; in the case of Godard because other cinéastes were producing films emptied of substance and contaminated by the cancer which had overcome the film industry. They were not doing their job, Godard said, of informing the public and he couldn't go on performing the task for them indefinitely.

Weekend competition

No 2905 Set by Mercy Dash

One from the archives, as set by Al Fresco in the olden days: sequences of three book titles that tell a new story of their own, e.g. *On the Beach*, *Jaws*, *A Farewell to Arms*. Max. a dozen goes, all original, by 16 January.

No 2902 Set by Yvonne Bradbury

Brand names after the model of Othello beds.

Report By Len the Unlucky

No room for me. Hardly any for you. I hope you prefer Salamanca. Three quid for each coinage.

The Reagan Assurance Plan T. MEENAGH

Triffid Gro-Bags W.S. BROWNLIE

Gummer Doormats ANNA & LIZ

Spirit of Islam Pure Malt Whiskey REV. OLVER

Job's Joke Book MARGARET ROGERS

Sun Factfiles LES LEEDS

The Cronus Baby Alarm KATE SHORT

Tricoteuse Knitting Needles DAVID TOLEY

Cardinal Condoms RUSSELL LUCAS

Arc Heating Engineers
The Liverpool Guide to Municipal Accounting
PASCOE POLGLAZE

Windscale Dairies
The Babel School of Languages
(plagiarised from real life)

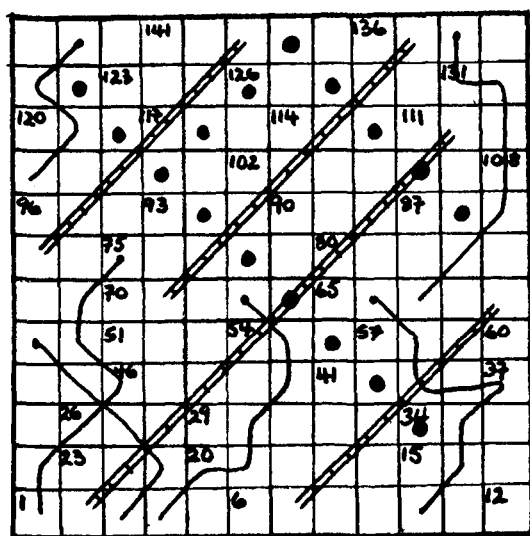
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The grid represents a large snakes-and-ladders board on which snakes enter downwards and ladders up and the squares containing counters provide the all-important link allowing solvers to number each correctly. Each clued answer may be considered as a throw of the dice and its move, each successive answer beginning in the finishing square of the previous, reading left to right in alternate rows starting with the bottom row and forming an uninterrupted chain of words filling the grid. Everything required is in Chambers 1983 Edition.

Name _____

Address _____

MOVES

- 1 Religious meditation among social gatherings appearing quite a lot
- 6 Female mostly seen with companion having no time for scales
- 12 Reaping-time for Jews, you heard, had in measure
- 15 Danced in Aberdeen fully absorbed in difficult toil
- 20 Smear one's found on bracken
- 23 What you'll find in Pakistan nobody will get in the year here
- 26 Chooses money in large quantities (leader being inside)
- 29 Teasel growing wild has these root sections
- 34 Can this be the garden if no unholy garth?
- 37 Stunts for Scots to echo: they make difficulties for screwdriver
- 41 It leads with chapter on English male, a brave leader
- 46 Great deal of beer had mostly? You'll get very drunk
- 51 You need length (rolled) of this fabric . . .
- 54 . . . of mostly whitish colour
- 57 A brass pot you see retaining 'eat
- 60 Here's implication that entire range of sleuths are old people
- 65 It's first set to trap a stilt
- 70 Movable while fixed, say, turning in rear?
- 75 Immodest ladies heading for the Sun (in Scotland)?
- 80 It may be expressed by dying man upset with lass (2 words)
- 87 What spinner has for guiding yarn when getting fish
- 90 Extract coming from some travel series or other
- 93 Initially you will find in a river these, shelled
- 96 In drinking in Greece you'd spy such being used?
- 102 Cut that is opening is most painful
- 108 Like fat fish perhaps, journeying we hear?
- 111 Ian's tempter that made false promises in return?
- 114 Geological period is a long change
- 117 Remuneration no longer used because it—?
- 120 Inherent in bounce is mark that's dull
- 123 To drain down goes rain?
- 126 Jock's lease at end of session later renewed
- 131 A 'int of wind was had, so steered round into it?
- 136 Under domed structure, lacking energy, one's found
- 141 Barnet may be so described as barne?

Solution to Salamanca 101

S	G	R	A	K	S	W	I	D	O	W	T	K
T	I	C	T	L	E	I	D	O	T	S	H	I
A	G	H	S	B	R	E	Y	R	I	N	T	Y
N	H	A	Q	U	O	S	U	I	T	H	I	G
C	E	R	E	R	S	D	I	F	C	H	A	N
A	N	N	E	E	S	R	E	M	E	U		
O	E	G	N	O	P	N	N	A	A	P	U	R
S	L	C	S	H	O	I	G	A	N	I	S	N
P	A	R	B	A	K	R	I	S	T	R	T	S
A	N	O	R	L	Y	E	D	C	U	A	N	O
R	E	S	Y	L	E	E	N	O	N	D	E	R
K	I	S	T	O	H	N	S	W	O	O	D	E

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D. R. Jones (Bristol)

M. A. Macdonald-Cooper (Perthshire)

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C	O	M	A	T	O	S	E	A	P	P	E	A	L
U	I	R	T					I	V	A			
B	A	L	M	O	R	A	L	B	O	X	E	R	S
I	L	C	N	H	N	R	T						
S	E	E	T	H	E	D	O	Y	E	R	T	O	P
T	R	E	A	R	R	E	I	O					
E	S												
S	O	U	T	H	E	R	N	W	O	O	D		
P	P	E	O	H	C	S	W						
A	S	P	I	R	E	S	I	V	A	N	H	O	E
L	I	T	A	L	I	C							
I	T	A	L	I	C								
E	N	T											
R	E	T	E	S	T								

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WED 8 JAN

FAITH IN THE CITY. A major lecture series at St James's Church Piccadilly on Wednesday at 1.05pm will consider the report of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Commission on Urban Priority Areas. This week PROFESSOR A H HALSEY, Director of Barnet House, Fellow of Nuffield College, Oxford. 'A Social Portrait of the City.'

AGENDA

FRI 10 JAN

E. P. THOMPSON IN LONDON ON 'STAR WARS'. Also Fred Halliday. Rudolf Steiner House, 35 Park Road, NW1 (near Baker Street tube). 7.30pm. St John's Wood CND. Westminster Groups please note. Contact: Gus 01-722 9348. Everyone welcome.

SAT 25 JAN

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MISANTHROPIC MUSINGS : ENVY ?



CHESS

NASTY history of people getting it in the eye at Hastings. Mindful of precedent, the English are getting increasingly reluctant to come and do battle there. Nigel Short was invited to cross swords with the foreign invaders in the current Premier tournament, but it has come to cross words instead. Since the fee he was offered (I believe the sum was £250) is well below the going rate for a modern mercenary, he indignantly declined, adding some disparaging remarks about the decrepit state of affairs at this traditional event. Ritson-Morry, the Hastings organizer, countered with an uncomplimentary estimate of the size of Short's head. A further entertaining exchange of abuse and recrimination is confidently expected.

Long-standing NS readers will recognise this as a case of historical repetition. When Tony Miles was NS columnist and England's leading player (whether he is still the latter is an interesting point for debate), he also declined an invitation and devoted a whole column to saying what a dismal, run-down tournament Hastings had become. As one who had accepted that

year (was it 1977-8 or 1978-9?), I got my ears filled ad nauseam with the distress that diatribe caused. Ritson and Harry Golombek occupied every evening at the Yelton Hotel with complaints about this ingratitude to their good offices and selfless endeavours. The captive audience of those who were playing found it difficult to gainsay them, whatever their private thoughts.

Perhaps we can try to pour a little soothing balm on this whole boiling. At least we should certainly not reproach Ritson-Morry for soldiering on with an under-funded tournament. Better Hastings on a shoestring than no Hastings at all. There is really nothing wrong with the Hastings tournament that a nice heavy dollop of sponsorship would not put right. So let us hope that this year's pantomime will have a happy ending — enhanced backing for the 1986-7 event.

There can at least be no doubts about the quality of the Kasparov-Timman match in Hilversum (15-22 December). It was a feast of fighting chess. The world champion won comfortably enough (4-2), but Timman contributed mightily to the entertainment and had a brilliant win in the 3rd game to celebrate. Here is one of Kasparov's three wins:

Kasparov-Timman, 2nd Match Game, Hilversum 1985. Queen's Indian. 1. d4 Nf6 2. c4 e6 3. Nf3 b6 4. Nc3 Bb4 5. Bg5 Bb7 6. e3 h6 7. Bh4 g5 8. Bg3 Ne4 9. Nd2. This seems a very promising pawn-sacrifice, although Kasparov preferred 9. Qc2 in the 4th game. Nxc3 10. bxc3 Bxc3 11. Rc1 Bb4 12. h4 gxh4 13. Rxh4 Bd6 Surely not best? 14. Qg4 Bxg3 15. Qxg3 Nc6 16. d5 Ne7 17. Bd3 d6 18. Qg7 Rg8 19. Qh7 Rf8 20. Ne4 Already threatening mate. Black avoids the worst only at the cost of losing his knight. Nf5 21. Rh3 Qe7 22. g4 Nh4 23. Qg7! 0-0-0 24. Nf6 exd5 25. cxd5 Kb8 26. Rxh4 Bxd5 27. g5! Bxa2 28. gxh6 d5 29. h7 Qa3 30. Rd1 Rh8 31. Ng8 Bb3 32. Ra1 Qc5 33. Qxh8 d4 34. Rxd4 Qc3 + 35. Ke2 1-0. Black cannot even win the Ral: e.g., 35... Qb2 + 36. Kf3 Bd5 + 37. Rxd5 Qxh8 38. Rxd8 + Kb7 39. Ba6 + Kc6 40. Ne7 +.

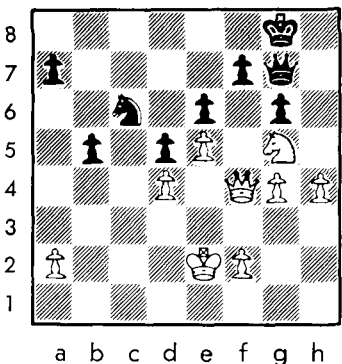
Problem

First of all, here are the solutions to the two studies by Kubbel given in the Christmas issue:

A: 1. dxc6 Bxa2 (Otherwise 2. b3, 3. c4, 4. a3 and 5. b4) 2. b4 c4 3. b5 Bb3 4. Kb2 Ba4 5. Ka3 Bxb5 6. Kb4 Kxc6 7. Ka5 Kc5 stalemate.

B: 1. Nc4 + Kxa7 2. Bc5 + Ka6 (2... Ka8? 3. Nb6 +) 3. Na3! Qxa3 4. b5 + Kxb5 5. Bxa3 Kc4 6. Bb2! and wins.

The common theme was the preservation of the stronger side's last pawn. For you to solve now we have a test position given in an instructive new publication, *Chess Tactics for Advanced Players* by Y. Averbakh (Batsford, £8.95). White to play and win.



Solution

1. Qc1! Nxd4 + 2. Kd3 Qxe5 3. Qc8 + Qh8 4. Qxh8 + Kxh8 5. Nf7 + Kg7 6. Nxe5 and Black's knight is trapped (Matulovic-Zverkov, Varna 1965).

George Botterill

QUIZ

- 1) Who called whom a 'snivelling little git'?
- 2) Who called whom 'that appalling deadbeat'?
- 3) Which senior Conservative politician apologised in the High Court for libelling the chairman of the Prison Officers' Association in a party political broadcast?
- 4) How much did Charlotte Cornwell win in damages for the allegation that her bum was too big?
- 5) Which food company won damages from two authors who had alleged that the paste in its famous product contained sugar?
- 6) Who said 'The message is "peace on earth" but it does not stop there. It goes

- on "good will to all men". That is the way we learn to live together better'?
- 7) Who said 'The pursuit of the presidency is not my life. Public service is'?
- 8) In which American state was the governor acquitted of fraud and racketeering?
- 9) Which county council decided to ban foxhunting across its land?
- 10) What 314-foot tall institution was uncovered after two years under wraps?

Answers

- 1) Brian Sedgmore on Robin Leigh-Pemberton; 2) Norman Tebbit; 3) Margaret Thatcher; 4) Edward Kennedy; 5) Warwickshire; 6) the

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